

1½d.

## Daily Mirror

See page 13, and read  
what a pleased pur-  
chaser says about  
the - -  
"DAILY MIRROR"  
CAMERA.

No. 267.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

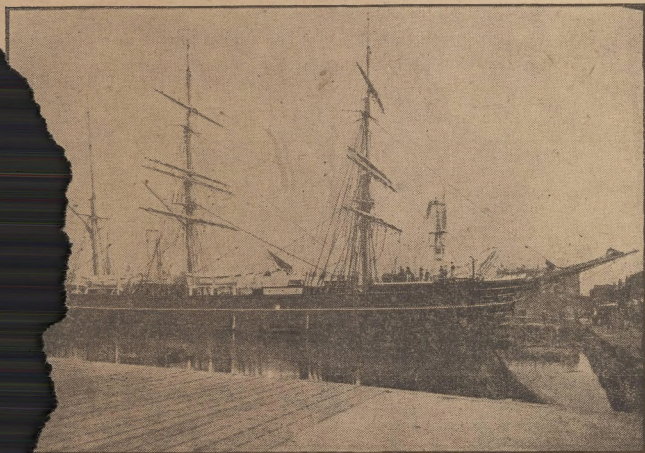
One Halfpenny.

## ATTEMPT TO STEAL A ROYAL CORPSE.



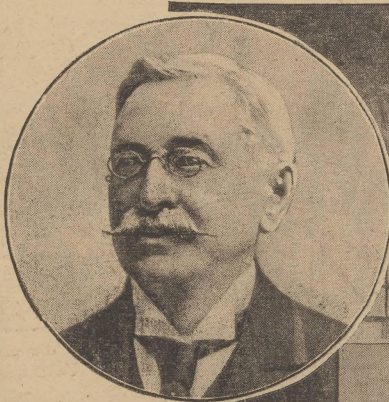
An outrage of a most dastardly character has come to light at Pretoria, where it has been discovered that attempts have been made to carry away the body of Prince Christian Victor, who died of enteric fever during the war, and was interred at Pretoria. Earth above the coffin to the depth of several feet has been removed, and the stone slabs covering the remains were laid bare, the object of the perpetrators being to demand a ransom for the corpse. Above is a picture of the grave, and also Princess Christian, who is now in South Africa on a pilgrimage to the grave of her son.

## RETURN OF THE DISCOVERY.



The Discovery, which left Port Chalmers in December, 1901, for an Antarctic exploring expedition, is expected to arrive back in England to-day. Portsmouth is probably the first port to welcome the daring explorers from the regions "farthest south."—(Photograph by Thomson and Co.)

## BECK INQUIRY ORDERED AT LAST.

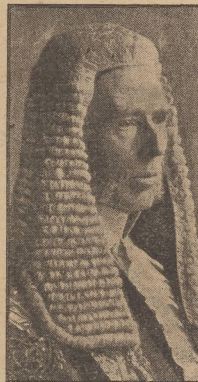


ADOLF  
BECK  
AND  
HIS  
CELL.

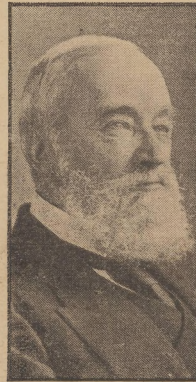


A portrait of Beck himself; also a picture of the cell in which he was unjustly condemned to pass a long period of his life, shut away behind prison walls and iron bars, for offences of which, it has since been proved, he was not guilty.

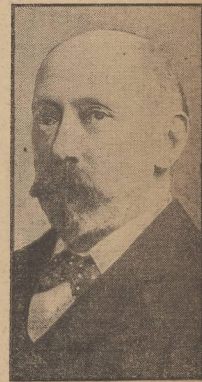
## COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.



RIGHT HON. SIR R. HENN  
COLLINS.



SIR SPENCER WALPOLE.



SIR JOHN EDGE.

The Home Secretary has yielded to the public's demands for justice, and has ordered an inquiry to be made into the circumstances connected with the arrests and convictions of Mr. Adolf Beck in 1896 and 1904 for crimes which he did not commit. The committee of inquiry which the Home Secretary has appointed consists of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Henn Collins, Master of the Rolls; Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B.; and Sir John Edgo, K.C., Member of the Council of India.



*Other Small Advertisements on pages 13 and 14.*



## HORRORS OF WAR.

Hundreds of Brave Japs  
Hurled to Eternity.

## SCENES OF TERROR.

Thrilling Stories of Recent Great  
Battles.

## 'WOULD WAKEN THE DEAD.'

Never were the terrors of war brought more vividly before the quiet stay-at-home civilian than in the news from the front to-day.

Leaving Kuropatkin still struggling through the swamps of Northern Manchuria, we are brought back to Port Arthur by an incident, trifling in its military importance, but full of horror from the human standpoint.

Seven hundred Japanese soldiers have been blown into space—without a second's warning—by a Russian land mine near Port Arthur.

Along a valley, between two hills, the Japanese soldiers had frequently shown themselves, and three weeks ago the Russians laid explosive mines over the whole available marching space in the valley, covering an area of nearly a mile.

Nearly covered with rocks and clay, there was nothing to denote the presence of anything in the nature of death-dealing mines.

Careless watch was kept by the Russians for the appearance of the enemy, and at last their vigilance was rewarded.

In the dead of night, at the midnight hour, the peering and listening Russian outposts heard the stealthy tread of a band of armed men, and rushed breathlessly to the camp with the news that the Japanese were approaching.

### WALKING TO DEATH.

On came the unsuspecting Japanese, keen and alert to guard against ordinary dangers, but ignorant of the awful death-trap into which they were blindly walking.

Restraining their impatience until the detachment was spread over the whole area of the mine-sown surface, the Russians suddenly illuminated the valley with their powerful searchlights, and at once the doomed Japanese opened rifle fire upon the enemy.

But it was only for a moment. The electric connection was made and the mines exploded with a paralyzing roar.

The shock stunned even the watching garrison, and threw them off their feet, while some of the flying rocks crashed into the Russian lines.

### INFERNO OF CARNAGE.

For one awful moment there was a devastating inferno of carnage in the valley below. Human arms and legs, rifles, and scraps of clothing hurtled through the air exposed in horrible detail by the sweeping of the searchlights.

Then all was quiet. The cold searchlights continued to play on the upturned road and the hillsides, over which were strewn in sickening profusion an awful mass of dismembered and mutilated limbs.

The next day the Russians buried the dead, but so shattered were the bodies that no idea of the number killed could be obtained.

### BATTLE TERRORS.

Terrible Tales of Hideous Butchery  
and Feroocious Fighting.

Lieutenant Kurmysky has given a Russian correspondent a vivid account of his experiences during the counter-attack on the Motienling Pass on July 17. He said:—

"This was my first fight, and such were its horrors that at one time I hoped that a merciful bullet would make it my last.

"A Japanese trench was suddenly revealed by a blinding flash of light, and I saw the enemy's whole of our first rank. I could see the men tumbling backward one after another like a card building.

"Then a man beside me shrieked, staggered twice, and, falling forward, impaled himself on his bayonet. The soldier behind him marched on doggedly, setting his foot on his fallen comrade's arm.

### FIRING AT A DEAD MAN.

"I saw nothing more, but then, for the first time, felt the desire to rush on and be at the enemy regardless of results. In ten minutes a swearing, howling, ferocious mass of our men tumbled over into the Japanese trenches.

"Jabbed at with a bayonet from one side, I felt maddened, and fired with my revolver into a set, yellow face standing out grimly before me. The figure trembled, and then I saw with horror that the man had previously been killed, and was really lying against the back of the trench.

"Some of our men in their eagerness jumped clean over the trench, and one, amazed to see no

enemy before him, stood confusedly while a Japanese coolly thrust his bayonet in up to the hilt.

"All the time our men kept crowding into the trench, and in the dim light and general confusion how many were killed by foes, how many by friends, I should not like to say. But I saw one Japanese, driven from the top of the trench by one of our burly men, falling back heavily upon a comrade, and the latter, blinded or irritated, letting his bayonet slip through the helpless body.

"It was horrible to hear the threats and vaunting of our men mingling with the pious 'With God' which each successive rank shouted as it hurled itself over the trench.

### JAPANESE BUTCHERED.

"The position was won. A hideous butchery ensued of the surviving Japs, who, disdaining alike flight and surrender, crouched stolidly while our men, tumbling over them, kicking in their faces, braining them with their rifle-butts, or running them through.

"One of our non-commissioned officers, a big Ukrainian named Lobenko, seized a little Japanese by the collar, and throwing his rifle aside, choked him, and in the ferocious ecstasy of victory, hurled his body fully ten yards down the hill. And as he did so, from his throat, arose with first and blood mania, rang that awful cry of triumph, 'With God!'"

Another attack by the Japanese decided the Russians to retire, but "to the last roar of the Japanese guns continued. Unaware of our retirement, and believing they were still cutting us to pieces, the enemy continued to rain down projectiles vainly into the forsaken trench. Even the dead with which the position was piled must be awakened, it seemed to me, by that unparalleled bombardment."

### LEISURELY JAPANESE.

General Kuropi Fishes for Minnows  
During a Battle.

In his description of the battle of Motienling, Reuter's correspondent says:—

General Nichi observed the end of the engagement from the summit of a hill close to the temple. He had dressed at his usual hour, taken a leisurely breakfast, keeping in touch with his command by a cobweb of telegraphs and telephones, and only when he learned that the Russians had begun to retreat and the business of the day was practically decided had he started on an unburied ride to the scene. His brigade General, Okasawa, managed affairs on the spot, and the superior gave his subordinate a free hand.

### SUBORDINATES' FREE HAND.

Japanese officers explain that it is not necessary for the generals to go to the firing line and supervise the manoeuvres in person, because they have confidence that every subordinate officer knows and is competent to do his part in the work.

General Kuropi, whose headquarters were two hours' ride away, passed the morning with his chief of staff, General Fujii, and Prince Kuni sitting on the bank of a tiny mountain brook placidly fishing for minnows.

Describing the search for the wounded after the battle, Reuter says: "One corpse was on its hands and knees, still clutching a rifle, and but for the head fallen forward on the chest might have seemed alive and stooping to shoot. Others lay on their faces as they had been stricken with instant death, and others, some not yet dead, had crawled behind bushes and rocks in hope of shelter.

### WHITE FLAG.

"Two rifles stuck up in the road against little piles of stones, with handkerchiefs tied to the bayonets, just as had been done at Hamatan. The owners, it seemed, had tired of the fight and surrendered when the Japanese came down upon them. They were not the only ones to abandon the business.

"The squads discovered several stalwart soldiers without any marks on them huddled in the shrubbery. One of these a foreign attaché, speaking Russian, asked if he was not ashamed. 'No,' replied the soldier, 'I have had enough of this war, and I made up my mind to be taken prisoner the first time I found a chance.'—Reuter.

### HELL WITHOUT FINALITY.

Describing the heat at Liao-yang, a Russian officer says: "I never saw such a party of tortured, sweating, agonised men as ours during the march along the Saimatse road. Seven men, bowled over with sunstroke, fell out in my company, and had to be left, poor fellows, to shiver into death by the roadside.

"Others got giddy and sick and refused to eat, but they suffered from an intolerable thirst, and their swollen, black tongues showed the effects of their thirst. It was hell, without even hell's finality."

### POSITION AT THE FRONT.

There is no official news from the seat of war, and it is still uncertain whether General Kuropatkin will give battle at Mukden, or retire to Harbin. General Kuropi is only twelve miles south of Mukden, and the Japanese armies are closing in on the town from east and west.

Storms and heavy rains and bad roads are still hampering the progress of the retreating Russians and their pursuers.

## SAVED BY HIS WIT.

Marvellous Escape from an En-  
raged Elephant.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, Friday Night.

While a travelling menagerie was being landed here to-day some children commenced to throw food to one of the elephants.

Some mischievous boys, however, tossed the animal stones, and, fearing that it would resent this, a policeman named Petit ordered the children away.

The elephant, misinterpreting the officer's action, flew into a fury, and, seeing the policeman round the waist with its trunk, dashed him heavily to the ground. The animal was about to dash forward to trample on Petit, but he, pretending to be dead, lay motionless.

The ruse succeeded, as the animal walked over him, and was speedily led away, while Petit was conveyed to the hospital with comparatively few injuries.

## LORD KITCHENER'S COURTESY.

Colonel Marchand Expresses Admiration  
of His Rival.

PARIS, Friday.

In the "Figaro" Colonel Marchand to-day expresses his gratitude to Lord Kitchener for the attitude which the Sirdar adopted towards him.

"I have never ceased," he says, "to cherish a great admiration for the character and courteous methods of 'Lord Khartum,' and it is also not a secret with my friends that I am, and have always been, a fervent admirer of the British race, to which its rivals themselves cannot refuse all the solid qualities and brilliant defects that make master-peoples great, living, and proud nations."—Reuter.

## RESCUED PRINCESS.

Her Plans Are to Live Simply, Happily  
and Unknown.

Emotional Paris has been deeply touched at the dramatic details of the escape of the Princess Louise of Coburg from her asylum prison. That she should have found a refuge in the heart of Paris—in the Opera quarter—is considered by Parisians as a compliment to the gallantry of the nation.

M. de Soussanne, a friend of Count Matlachich, who organised the Princess's flight, has related in the "Journal" an interview he had with the Princess.

"My plans," she said, "are to live simply, happily, and unknown. I am writing to hear what proposals Herr Nimmer, my lawyer, who will be in Paris to-morrow, will bring me from the Prince of Coburg. I hope I shall as soon as possible have done with material cares. I ask nothing but what is just and reasonable."

## PERILS OF PARIS.

Frenchman Wanted To Buy a Train  
To Get Away.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday Night.

An Auvergnac named M. Francois Lorisat came to Paris, fell in love with a girl from his native place, and married her.

But Francois did not like Paris. The constant dread of being run over finally affected his brain.

Deciding to at once return to Auvergne, he yesterday entered a police station and asked the commissaire: "How much would it take to buy a locomotive?"

Taking in the situation, the commissaire replied that the calculation would take a long time, but if Francois would accompany one of his subordinates, he would let him know the next day.

Francois was conducted to an asylum, where it is hoped that rest and quiet will restore him.

## PLLOT AGAINST KING PETER.

The "Petit Parisien" publishes a rumour from Belgrade, according to which King Peter of Serbia has been informed that the partisans of the Obrenovitch dynasty have plotted to take his life during his coronation festivities. The chief of the Belgrade police has also been informed of the plot, and every precaution will be taken to protect the King.

## PRINCE'S BODY AS RANSOM.

So far there has been no clue to the identity of the ghouls who desecrated Prince Christian Victor's grave in Pretoria.

The plot was carefully premeditated, and it is stated that the men's object was to remove the body with a view to holding it to ransom.

## NURSERY KING.

Baby Prince Who Rules the  
Tsar.

## STRANGE PALACE CEREMONY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

Round the cradle of the infant Tsarevitch to-day took place as quaint a ceremony as ever was planned by adoring mother and father for the benefit of their heir and hope.

Twenty-three is the lucky number of the Tsaritsa's family. It was on the 23rd of the month that she first saw her future husband, and a dozen fortunate incidents in her subsequent life have occurred on that happy day.

The Empress, having dreamed that on her son's first name-day an event of good omen would occur to Russia, has been waiting that day with an impatience which is only increased by its remoteness.

Some days ago, remembering her lucky number, she determined that the twenty-third day from the child's birth should have a little celebration of its own; and this morning, accompanied by her husband and Father Gleb Zagorsky, a priest who has been much in evidence at Peterhof of late, she went to the child's cradle, and offered up formal prayers for its future life.

Then, tying a tiny jewelled knot to the foot of its cradle, she took the child in her knee, while the Tsar, imitating the slow, whining address of the Russian muzhik, solemnly presented the infant with bread and salt.

### "ALIOSHA'S" TYRANNY.

Alexis Nikolavitch, familiarly known as "Aliosha," is the tyrant of Peterhof and the ruler of Russia's rules. Since his christening he has not been much in evidence as far as the outside public is concerned; but all accounts agree that he is a supernaturally healthy, chubby child, rosy all over, and gifted with a lung capacity which presages an oratorical career rivalling that of his Imperial cousin of Potsdam.

The Tsaritsa seldom leaves him, and every morning before dressing the Tsar knocks at the door where the child reposes in his blue cradle, and asks in Russian "Kak Aliosha sevodiats?" ("How is Aliosha to-day?")

Nicholas is much interested in the infant's progress, and is fond of holding out to him different objects, seeing what he will grasp most readily in his tiny hand. After to-day's ceremony, the Emperor held out a half enamelled Cossack pipe, and on the child gripping the stem with more than usual vigour, the Tsaritsa is said to have exclaimed, "My child will be a Cossack."

### PRINCESSES JEALOUS.

Everything at Peterhof is subordinated to "Aliosha's" welfare, and the noses of his young sisters are said to be very much out of joint. The Grand Duchess Olga, it is said, has expressed so much dislike of the intruder, who keeps her from seeing her mother, that she had to be severely reprimanded.

Nicholas II. has already had his child photographed half-a-dozen times, and has himself made some rather unsuccessful attempts to snapshot it. The Empress has sent copies of its august portrait to all her friends among the royal families of Europe.

When the Tsar, entering the room where the child was asleep, informed her in grave tones that the Japanese had driven Kuropatkin out of Liao-yang, she bent resignedly over the child, and said, "Never mind; they haven't got you!"

### SOLDIER OR STATESMAN?

The Tsar is said to be determined that his son will be a soldier, and holds semi-serious arguments on the subject with his consort, who, having a clearer appreciation of Russia's backward state, hopes that he will turn out a statesman.

Amusing stories are being told in St. Petersburg concerning the eternal mapping out of careers which goes on in the royal palace, and it is said that M. Pobiedonostsev, during his last visit to Peterhof, read his Imperial master a solemn lecture against indulging in vain dreams, adding, "The child will be as God made him, not as your Majesty would make him."

Everyone who knows the Procurator of the Holy Synod's outspoken manner, and the immense influence which he wields in family matters, will credit the story.

## RAILWAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

CATAWBA JUNCTION (South Carolina), Friday.  
The Seaboard Air Line local train from Portsmouth to Atlanta fell through a trestle bridge to-day. Eleven persons were killed and twenty others injured.—Reuter.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Fresh westerly winds; considerable fair periods; occasional showers; cool. Lighting-up time: 7.28 p.m. Sunday: 7.20 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate generally.



## STINGY TREASURY

£18 for the Prosecutor of  
Whitaker Wright.

### £582 OUT OF POCKET.

The Treasury will pay the costs of the application to the Court for a direction to the Official Receiver to prosecute. They will also pay the net costs incurred by the Official Receiver in respect of the prosecution.

As regards the other costs referred to—i.e., the outlay incurred by private gentlemen in compelling the prosecution—the Treasury will be prepared to pay them on being satisfied as to the necessity for incurring them and the amount actually expended.—The Secretary to the Treasury, in the House of Commons, March 28, 1904.

Such was the promise made by the Treasury in connection with the expenses incurred by public-spirited City men, and especially by Mr. John Flower, in connection with the prosecution of the late Mr. Whitaker Wright, who committed suicide by taking prussic acid nine months ago, immediately after he had been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at the Law Courts.

Mr. Flower has received a cheque for £18, and promptly returned the cheque, as adding insult to injury.

To a *Mirror* representative yesterday he confessed that he felt the utmost contempt for the Treasury.

#### Invited to Render His Expenses.

"When I took up the campaign against Whitaker Wright," he said, "I did so without any expectation of repayment of any of my expenses. But, on April 29 the Board of Trade pressed me to send in a full statement of my 'expenses.'"

Mr. Flower complied with the request, the claim representing an expenditure of £582 3s. 4d. The account was vouched for to the amount of £518 2s. 7d., a few vouchers having been mislaid.

"Imagine my surprise," said Mr. Flower, pale with indignation, "when I was subsequently informed that the Lords of the Treasury had come to the conclusion that £18 only could be properly charged upon the funds of the country."

Asked for details of the items allowed, Mr. Flower replied that £5 was for obtaining a list of the shareholders of the London and Globe; £10 for printing and circulating them; and £3 for copies of the affidavits he had caused to be taken and sent to the Public Prosecutor.

#### How the Money Was Spent.

"How was the sum of £518 made up?"

"Principally in circularising and employing an expert to investigate the Globe books—and this lasted for months—my own private solicitors' expenses, and other expenses absolutely necessary to bring about the prosecution."

Asked what further action, if any, he proposed to take in the matter, Mr. Flower replied—

"I shall take no action whatever. There is no action that I can take, so far as I can see."

"I have had enough of the Whitaker-Wright worries," he added with a sigh and a gesture that emphasised his words.

#### FROM FAR AND NEAR.

The "Autocar" suggests confetti as a signal for a police motor trap.

The negotiations for ending the Atlantic rate war are still in progress.

The Chicago stockyard strike was yesterday officially declared to be at an end.

Prince Yee, heir to the Korean throne, has fallen in love with a schoolgirl of sixteen.

Before leaving Marienbad the King presented his German Chauffeur with a gold cigarette case.

Owing to the theft of piping and fittings from an empty house at Brentford, 34,400 feet of gas were wasted.

A poacher fined at Chapel-en-le-Frith Police Court was caught at the mouth of a drain by a lady.

"There is," says Sir F. Wingate, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, "a great future for motors in the Soudan."

A child of two has died at Douglas from irritant poison, caused by eating decayed plums, picked up in the street.

Mr. R. J. Randolph, barrister, was yesterday chosen to contest North-West Wills against Sir John Dickson-Powder.

There was a further slight change for the better in Mr. Lowther's condition yesterday, and his strength is maintained.

Mrs. Rioridan, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Rioridan, was thrown from a trap yesterday and killed. Her children, who were fastened in the trap, escaped.

Mr. Michael Roche, formerly a member of the Cork Town Council, has been found hanging by some webbing from a window in a private asylum near Cork.

## CINDERELLA UP-TO-DATE.

"The Catch of the Season"  
at the Vaudeville.

In their new musical play, "The Catch of the Season," produced last night at the Vaudeville Theatre, Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton have been very happily inspired.

Take the story of Cinderella, set it in the conditions of modern life, and relate it in the terms of the modern musical play, and there you have it.

The catch of the season is the Duke of St. Jermyns. He is also, transparently, the beautiful young prince of the Cinderella legend, and, after his wedding with Angela, the latest incarnation of the heroine of that legend, he gracefully transfers the title to her, assuring everyone that she is "the catch of the season."

There is, also, a Fairy Godmother, who, in the accomplished personality of Miss Rosina Filippi, provides the means for taking the deserted heroine to the ball that is given to celebrate the coming of age of the Duke of St. Jermyns.

Angela, the Cinderella of the occasion, was very prettily impersonated by Miss Zena Dare, who danced and smiled herself into everybody's good graces. Miss Dare won golden opinions from all parts of the house.

Mr. Seymour Hicks was here, there, and everywhere upon the stage, and positively revelled in the execution of such dances as fell to his share.

### ONE MEAL A DAY.

British Sailors' Adventure in the  
China Sea.

Sixteen sailors, whose ship was seized by Admiral Skrydloff's squadron for carrying contraband of war, summoned the Austin Friars Steamship Company at the Guildhall yesterday for compensation under the Workmen's Act.

On July 3 they were captured by the Vladivostok fleet and taken as a prize. Thirtv Russian sailors were put on board, and the men were told that if there were any attempt at capture by the Japanese the vessel would be blown up.

A Prize Court condemned the cargo, and, after waiting three weeks, the sixteen seamen were sent by train on the Siberian railway to St. Petersburg.

The men were said to have suffered great hardships on the railway. They got only one meal a day.

Alderman Smallman awarded them £10 each and £10 10s. costs.

### WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

Officer Swept Overboard and Saved  
in the Dark.

The crew of the Norwegian steamer *Stalheim*, which arrived in Bristol yesterday, told a story of an adventurous night in the Western Ocean.

During a tempest the second mate was swept off the deck into the sea. It was pitch dark, and he clung to the floating banks till they dragged him up the ship's side by a line in a very exhausted condition.

Captain Hilt was blown from the weather side of the bridge to the port side, but he saved himself by clinging to one of the boats.

Huge waves broke over the vessel for hours, smashing her stanchions, and carrying away the bulwarks from the poop to the bridge.

### FROM THE SOUTH POLE.

Good Ship Discovery Berths at  
Portsmouth To-day.

After many adventures and much useful work in the interests of science down in the Antarctic regions the good ship *Discovery* is expected to reach Spithead about ten o'clock this forenoon.

She will be boarded by Sir Clements Markham and other well-known people, who will bid Commander Scott and his officers welcome home.

The *Discovery* will then go in to Portsmouth Harbour and berth alongside the south railway jetty, where the King's yacht usually lies.

On Tuesday the Mayor of Portsmouth will entertain the officers and crew of the ship at a banquet.

### STAMPEDING A CAB RANK.

Through a workman's pick penetrating an electric light cable a scene of wild excitement was caused at the Great Western Station at Windsor.

A tongue of flame shot up to a height of fifteen feet, setting fire to a heap of wood paving blocks, all the lights went out, and the cab horses on the rank stampeded.

"The New York Herald" states that the Marcellus strikes have been found in terms with the shipowners, and work will probably be resumed on Monday.

## TRAIN IN DINING-ROOM.

Takes Round Wine and Cigars  
After Dinner.

A train in a dining-room sounds almost as much out of place as a bull in a china shop.

But a train with this destination may be seen at present at Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., Westminster.

It is built specially for a millionaire, to take round decanters and cigars after dinner.

The little engine, over which two dolls in blue overalls preside, is constructed of silver-plated copper in miniature reproduction of a Great Western locomotive. The tender is stacked with coals from the millionaire's own coal mine.

When the millionaire touches a button the train starts.

It runs quite slowly round the track, and when a guest picks up a decanter the current is broken, and the train stops till he replaces it.

The total length of the train, which is driven by electricity, is over five feet, and the track is constructed for a twenty-foot table.

### BABY AS EVIDENCE.

Revising Barristers Decide Curious  
Claims.

The Revising Barrister at North Hackney yesterday was asked to place on the voting list as a new lodger an applicant whose landlady was his own wife. Mr. Tindal Robertson disallowed the claim, considering it extremely improbable that a man could be lodger to his own wife.

At South Shields the Revising Barrister found cause to remark that "all liars got their votes but honest men who explained matters did not."

As evidence of occupation in a claim at Camberwell it was mentioned that a baby belonging to the occupier was now sixteen months old, and it was only two months when the father took up his residence at the house.

The agents was told, however, to bring the rent-book, as that was better evidence than a baby.

### "MAGIC KETTLE" WIZARD.

Ice-creams Fried and Icebergs Burned  
at the "Palace."

"Every man can wash his handkerchief in his own hat," is the alluring promise held out by Mr. Ralph Dean, the "magic kettle" wizard, who will show the process at the Palace Theatre every night.

Yesterday Mr. Dean gave a private demonstration, commencing by boiling his kettle on a block of ice.

He cooked a custard that became frozen in the process; poured boiling hot water over eggs, freezing them into blocks of ice; let a drop of boiling water fall on a cigarette, setting fire to it; and fried ice-creams that remained cold.

For twenty minutes Nature was turned upside down by this wonder-worker, who made a sensational exit after kindling a small iceberg into flame.

### HAIR KING'S FAILURE.

Bankrupt After Making Thousands a  
Year.

Interesting disclosures of the profits on the sale of hair restorers enlivened the proceedings at the Preston Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

Charles James Toole, the debtor, was formerly known throughout Lancashire as the "Blackpool Hair King." He said that during the later nineties he had made thousands of pounds a year on the sands at Blackpool. His speciality, which he sold for a shilling, brought in ninepence profit on every bottle, but he had to spend considerable money in advertising.

Five years ago, when his first wife died, he owned several horses and carriages, and lived in a style becoming his regal title.

His second marriage proved the commencement of his misfortunes. His life consisted of five minutes' peace and ten hours' misery, and, owing to an accident which affected his memory, he had made his business over to her.

The further examination was adjourned.

### LADY ARTISTS AND POSTAL ORDERS.

Elizabeth Agnes Louisa Mills, an invalid worker under the Girls' Friendly Society, has been committed to trial at Birmingham charged with most ingenious forgery.

Obtaining a postal order for an amount under 10s., she drew the figure 1 in Indian ink and obliterated the printed words with penny stamps, thus adding 10s. to the value of each order.

The citizens of Winnipeg are arranging a farewell reception for Lord and Lady Minto.

## CHILDREN SPOIL WAR

Boys and Girls at Play in  
the Fighting Line.

### GILBERTIAN SCENE.

To the chagrin of "Tommies" who took themselves seriously, a fierce struggle yesterday for the possession of Witham Bridge was deprived of all semblance of realism by the innocent interference of a number of children.

Shortly after six in the morning General French's army of invaders left their camp at Middlewick and continued their attack upon the defending "Reds." The outposts came into action at seven o'clock near Lenden, and from that hour the "Blues" fought a strong rearguard action until noon, when they captured Witham Bridge and got control of the railway fourteen miles from Colchester.

The fight for the bridge was the most exciting event of the day. The rearguard of the defenders lay in the roadway firing while their comrades were extended along the railway line behind the hedges on either side of the bridge. The infantry of the invaders, supported by the 1st Dragoons and a pom-pom, spread across the road and fields.

In their excitement another regiment marched along the road four deep until within eight hundred yards of the bridge. The umpire sent them back, drily observing they would have been annihilated in ordinary warfare.

#### Youthful Courage.

But the gallant exploits of "Blues" and "Reds" were not to be compared with those of the child spectators. The country schools were closed, and the children came in their hundreds. With delighted shouts they mingled with and fell over the prostrate soldiers on the bridge, while others ran reckless amongst the cavalry.

In vain did the commanding officers and umpires ask the boys and girls to stand aside and let the battle proceed. They only laughed and said they wanted to see the guns go off. Three times the sharpshooters had to leave off firing and force the children back.

The adult spectators were nearly as bad, and it was impossible for the officers to see the enemy coming up the road.

The Colonel raved at his ambushes being exposed through the children gathering round them, but to no avail. There had never been such a holiday treat for boys and girls before, and a stern colonel could not deter them. So they were eventually left to their own devices.

In the afternoon the defenders received a severe check three miles west of Witham, and they began to retreat rapidly towards the sea. Part of the cavalry encamped again at Colchester last night. It is expected that some of the invaders will re-embark on Monday afternoon at Clacton if weather permits.

### MACHINE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Authorities Doubtful Whether It Will  
Be Efficacious.

Ever since it became known that the Brompton Hospital had received from an Australian lady a supposed infallible cure for consumption the staff have been besieged by anxious inquirers.

The invention consists of a machine for the inhalation of certain chemicals, but until Dr. Patterson has a full analysis of their composition no tests will be made on the patients.

Many so-called "cures" are constantly arriving, being sent to the hospital, said the secretary to a *Mirror* representative. But up to the present their much-vaunted powers have proved illusory when put to a strict test.

### MURDER WILL OUT.

The captain of gendarmes in a Hungarian village, near Krasso-Szöteny, has been rewarded by a present of 2,000 kronen for a curious act of merit. He observed that a peasant went every full moon and prayed at the grave of a man who was murdered in the village some years ago.

Being accused of the crime, the man confessed that he went to beg forgiveness of the deceased's spirit. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

### MORE CATTLE-MAIMING.

Great excitement has been caused at Wembley by an outbreak of cattle-maiming.

Three missing sheep have been found decapitated, and up to the present the police have no clue to the perpetrators of these remarkable outrages.

### FRENCHMAN DROWNED AT BEXHILL.

At Bexhill yesterday a young Frenchman, named Pierre de Sarce, son of the Comtesse de Sarce, was swimming off the Coastguard Parade when he suddenly threw up his arms and disappeared. Several boats put out, but the body was not recovered till an hour later.



## GILDED RATTERS.

Sir J. Crichton Browne Proposes a New Crusade.

### APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN.

"Rats are no good," said Sir James Crichton Browne, in his presidential address to the Sanitary Inspectors' Association at Bournemouth yesterday.

"They are altogether noxious and abominable, and probably the promoters of other diseases besides plague."

He was commenting upon the part played by the rat and the consequent danger even in this country in the dissemination of plague, owing to the fact that the disease in the rat was the same as in the man.

"It must henceforth be said to be the duty of the responsible authorities of every town and village in communication with any plague centre to undertake an active crusade for the destruction of rats.

Rat-Catching as a Sport.

"At one time rats were regarded as useful scavengers for the removal of garbage, but it would be a sorry sanitary system that in these days would leave any work of that kind for them to do.

"Rats should be exterminated," went on Sir James in his ruthless onslaught upon rodents.

The snare, the trap, and poison may do much; so may, perhaps, the setting up amongst them of some epidemic disease peculiar to their species; but I should like to see the sporting instinct enlisted in the process of extermination.

"We have with us lots of gilded youths; whose time hangs heavy on their hands, and who might vary their amusements by rat-catching, which must be quite as exciting and elevating as pigeon shooting."

Battues and Bags.

Sir James suggested that the sporting papers should give a description of the rat battues and supply reports of the bags, giving the odds on the favourite rat-catchers and portraits of the record-breakers.

In this way he thought these pernicious little rodents would soon become scarce, unless enthusiasts took to breeding and laying them down, as was done in the case of pheasants.

"Great things," he said, "may be expected when sport, fashion, and sanitation join hands in rat-catching."

In an impassioned peroration Sir James exclaimed: "O, for a Tolstoy to proclaim in glowing, heart-searching words the sacred duty, the divine obligation, of the war with preventable disease!"

### CLIMB UP A WATER-SPOUT

Ends in Disaster for a Reckless Fugitive.

When the Preston police yesterday morning visited a house in Gradwell-street to arrest Roger McGuire, a labourer, he made a reckless dash for liberty.

The police surrounded the house, but McGuire rushed upstairs, opened a bedroom window, and was climbing up the water-spout to the roof when the spout gave way.

He fell upon an iron bucket in the yard below, and received such serious injuries that he had to be removed to the infirmary on an ambulance.

### THREE MURDER TRIALS.

Three charges of murder—two of them against foreigners—are down for trial before Mr. Justice Bucknill at the Central Criminal Court session commencing on Tuesday next.

The Slater conspiracy charges will not be heard until the October sitting at the Old Bailey.

### PRESENT OF A JAWBONE.

Requested to provide for their child, Robert Nugent, of Catehead, sent his wife, who had left him on account of cruelty, a sheep's jawbone devoid of flesh. The magistrates yesterday ordered him to pay 10s. a week maintenance.

### BROOCH BRINGS MISFORTUNE.

Sentence of six months' hard labour was passed at the South-Western Police Court yesterday upon Joseph Hall, a costermonger, who found a valuable brooch in the street and tried to pawn it as the property of his wife.

For describing Mr. Henry Marshall, a leather merchant, as "a rogue and vagabond of the worst character," Harry England Howe was at the Mansion House yesterday committed for trial on a charge of libel.

## THE KING AND MR. BECK.

Was Investigation Prompted by His Majesty?

"There is an impression in some quarters," the Press Association states, "that the King has been in no small measure responsible for the decision to appoint a committee to investigate the circumstances of the conviction of Mr. Adolf Beck."

"It is extremely probable that his Majesty has shared in the deep concern awakened by the case, and it was noticed and commented on that when the King reached London last Saturday on his return from Marienbad, and was received at Charing Cross by Mr. Akers-Douglas, he talked long and earnestly with the Home Secretary, and appeared to be treating the subject of the conversation with peculiar emphasis.

"That investigation has the King's approval is certain, and that he has prompted, or at least heartily encouraged it, is, at all events, highly probable."

### SEARCH FOR MURDER CLUES.

Draining a Pit for Evidence in the Arsenic Mystery.

With the object of obtaining, if possible, additional evidence against Joseph and Ellen Burdred, who are charged with poisoning Sarah Jones with arsenic, the St. Helens police are draining the pit in which the accused woman attempted to commit suicide.

The man who rescued her has stated that he saw the woman throw something into the water. So far only her pair of slippers have been found.

No evidence of the Burdreds having purchased poison has been obtained by the police. They point out, however, that it is comparatively easy to procure arsenic in St. Helens, as it is extensively used in the glassworks.

### MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

Infant's Body Mutilated Beyond All Recognition.

Mutilated and charred beyond hope of identity, the dead body of a newly-born child has been found near Toxteth Park, Liverpool.

The left arm is missing, the left leg almost detached from the trunk, the skull battered in with a blunt instrument on the same side, and as a last sacrifice upon the infant dead, blackening flames have destroyed all outward shape.

The body was discovered by a resident wrapped in brown paper.

Dr. Nathan Raw, who examined the body, told the coroner's jury yesterday that great violence had been used to smash the skull, but whether before or after death it was impossible to say.

The jury returned an open verdict.

### WOMEN RESCUERS.

Fishermen's Wives in a Stirring Sea Drama.

Women figured bravely in a drama of the sea at Mouschole, near Penzance. A fishing-boat struck there at dead of night, and filled rapidly. The crew endeavoured to reach the entrance to the harbour before the boat settled down.

The quays were thronged with fishermen and their wives, who had heard the cries for help, and while men put off in punts and rescued the crew the women bravely tugged at ropes which were laid on to the sunken fishing-boat and prevented it from slipping back into deep water.

It was found subsequently that the wreck lay in the path of the returning fishing fleet, but the women threw their shawls round the pier-head lights and thus gave warning to the home-comers.

### CURIOUS EFFECT OF A FIT.

Caught behind the counter of a public-house bar, William Bartlett said to P.C. Stammers, "Harry, you've known me a great many years. I've had another fit."

The constable knew Bartlett suffered from fits, but the Southwark magistrate yesterday ordered twenty-one days' hard labour.

### SEARCHING FOR LOST TREASURE.

Fifty years ago a consignment of £120,000 in cash, for the English and French armies in the Crimea, was lost in a transport which foundered near Sebastopol.

It is now announced from Balacava that a Baltic diving company has contracted to make a search for the treasure.—Laffan.

## BLOWN INTO THE WATER.

Presence of Mind Under Exciting Circumstances.

Great presence of mind was shown by Lieutenant A. C. S. Kirkness, the commander of H.M.S. Comet, after the gun disaster on Wednesday.

Describing the accident at the inquest on the three victims at Haslar Hospital yesterday, Lieutenant Kirkness stated that the able seamen and several Royal Naval Volunteers were carrying out aiming rifle practice, and after dinner the men had to fire sixty-five rounds of service firing with the 4.7in. gun.

At the sixty-fifth round the gun exploded, the lieutenant was thrown into the water, and, realising when he became conscious that a terrible accident had occurred, he shouted for the surgeon, and gave orders for the vessel to proceed full speed to Portsmouth Harbour.

It was stated that a fourth seaman, Tom Kennedy Askew, is not expected to recover, and the inquiry was adjourned till the 15th inst.

The three victims will be buried this afternoon.

### "INHUMAN" BRUTALITY.

Workhouse Official Dismissed for Thrashing an Imbecile.

The master of one of the Bristol workhouses informed the guardians last night of the discovery of an atrocious act of brutality to an imbecile boy, for which he had summarily dismissed a temporary official.

Covered with cuts and bruises, the lad had been subjected to inhuman treatment.

Unfortunately the boy was not mentally intelligent enough to say how the injuries were caused, but it was judged that he had been brutally beaten with a strap found in the imbecile's possession.

The guardians expressed satisfaction at the course adopted by the master and confirmed his action.

### MARCONIGRAMS BLAMED.

Inventor's Explanation of a Charge of Fraud.

After telling Mr. Badcoe, manager of the Fratton Hotel, Portsmouth, that he had invented a new periscope for submarines which had been accepted by the Admiralty, Dr. Felix Markfieldt is alleged to have borrowed £40 and to have induced him to leave the hotel and come to London.

On being arrested at Stafford for obtaining the money by false pretences, the doctor said that all the trouble came about because he got his orders by wireless telegraphy, and he had nothing to show. He had been expecting £3,000 for the trials.

When charged at Westminster yesterday the police suggested that the documents found on the doctor setting forth that the several Admiralty experts had been appointed to test his patent were forgeries.

A remand was ordered.

### LONG-LIVED FAMILY.

Five People With An Average Age of Ninety-Two.

Mr. William Cocking, formerly postmaster at Market Rasen, has this week celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, and looks as hale and hearty as most men do at sixty.

The ages of five members of the family on his mother's side totalled 461 years, an average age of ninety-two years each. His grandfather only failed to attain his century by three months, while his grandmother died in her ninety-eighth year.

One daughter reached the advanced age of ninety-eight, another (Mr. Cocking's mother) eighty-four, and a son was eighty-two years of age. Mr. Cocking's grandfather (who died in 1836) was born in 1736, while Mr. Cocking was born in 1830, so that their united lives cover 168 years.

On his father's side Mr. Cocking's family has also been exceptionally long-lived.

### MUCH-MARRIED LABOURER.

"When I married that good woman I did not bargain to keep a whole host of uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and cousins," excitedly explained James Endell, a labourer, summoned by his wife at Northampton yesterday for maintenance. Refusing to pay five shillings a week, he was remanded for seven days.

### "STOLEN" BY A BUTTON.

While Henry Wilson and John Adams were taking a woman's part against a man, the latter's watch-chain became entangled with one of Wilson's buttons. Prosecuted at Thames Police Court yesterday for assault and stealing the watch and chain, they alleged a constable instigated the latter accusation. They were discharged.

## REIGN OF TERROR.

Singular Features of a Great Strike.

### NINETY-FIVE DEFENDANTS.

Two cases of a remarkable character, both arising out of the recent great strike at the Wynnstay Collieries, were heard by the Ruabon Bench yesterday.

The first charge concerned an attempted suicide.

Robert Gabriel, a young collier living at Cefa Mawr, was found ten days ago by his mother, when she returned from shopping, suspended from the ceiling by a strong muller which he had bound round his neck. He was black in the face, and was kicking violently. With the assistance of neighbours his mother cut him down only just in time to save his life.

Gabriel gave a strange explanation of his conduct to the magistrates. He declared that he had been frightened by the colliers' boys who were out on strike. They had threatened to kill him if he started work whilst the strike continued. This drove into a fit of melancholy, which impelled him to attempt to take his life.

The bench bound him over upon his relatives offering to become responsible for his future conduct.

### 1,000 Men Thrown Out of Work.

In the second case, there were no fewer than ninety-five defendants—youths from the districts surrounding the collieries who had absented themselves from work without giving legal notice. Their action had thrown a thousand employees of the Wynnstay Collieries temporarily out of work.

The company claimed 50s. as compensation from each defendant, all of whom had previously decided at meetings to prefer prison to payment.

Anticipating probable disturbances, the Denbighshire Chief Constable had drafted a force of extra police in the district, but the large crowd attracted by the proceedings was perfectly orderly in its demeanour.

The defendants, through their legal representative, admitted their misdeeds, and, by arrangement with the plaintiffs, it was agreed that they should return to work and pay nominal costs. These the Bench fixed at 7s. 6d. for each defendant, granting a period of six weeks within which payment might be made.

### SECRET OPERATION.

Grave Cause of a Young Married Woman's Death.

Grave issues are involved in the case of Mrs. Flora Alice Fisher, aged twenty-seven, into the circumstances of whose death the Westminster coroner opened an inquiry yesterday. The medical evidence showed that she died from the effects of an illegal operation.

Mrs. Fisher's husband, a tailor living at Brockley-grove, Crofton Park, stated that his wife complained of internal injuries on July 24, and on the following day a consultation by three doctors revealed the cause of her illness.

She died in Westminster Hospital last Monday. He had taken no steps yet to ascertain by whom the operation was performed.

Dr. Turner, of Westminster Hospital, said that the injuries could not have been self-inflicted. Mrs. Fisher told him that she did not know the cause of her illness.

The inquest was adjourned for further inquiries to be made.

### "WOULD RATHER ROT IN GAOL."

The Rev. John Bailey, Methodist minister at Hastings, was one of the twenty-six passive resisters summoned before the local magistrates yesterday.

He declared that he had no furniture nor effects to distraint upon, and he hoped the magistrates would send him to gaol, for he would rather have his bones rot in prison than pay the Education rate.

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**TEETHING**  
TO MOTHERS.  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**Soothing Syrup**  
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING  
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GET SOME TO-DAY.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

## THE POINTS AT ISSUE.

THE appointment of a Committee to inquire into the acts of injustice which have ruined Adolf Beck has relieved the public mind of a growing anxiety that the Home Office was insensible to its duty.

The Committee is not called upon to retry Mr. Beck, or to republish the fully-admitted facts of his convictions, which were the result of a genuine error on the part of those who were responsible for them.

The burning points of inquiry—points on which the public most reasonably demands a clear, exhaustive investigation—are the earlier and later stages of Mr. Beck's unrighteous persecution, for persecution it must undoubtedly have been.

There is a beginning to every case against every prisoner, and the police in this country are supposed to work with extreme caution, and on the rule of law that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

Then, how was it that Adolf Beck became a marked man?

If it was because the female witnesses considered him to be John Smith, who had been previously convicted, in accordance with the principles of fair and untrammelled trial, which are our national pride and an international honour, he ought to have been given every opportunity from the first of proving himself, so to speak, to be himself.

Then, when his identity, by a change of prison clothing and numbering, came out, for what reason did the Home Office refuse to reopen the case?

Why, again, at the second trial, was Mr. Justice Grantham's request for fuller information not complied with? Why were facts invaluable to the defence, facts most material to the ends of justice, deliberately held back from him? Why was he handicapped by those whose public duty it was to render him every assistance?

These are the crucial questions before the Committee, and we have every confidence that the chairman, Sir Richard Henn Collins, the Master of the Rolls, will use the greatest patience and impartiality in this public duty he is called upon to perform.

## WHAT UNIVERSITIES TEACH.

"The older I get the less I believe in University degrees as a test of capacity," said Sir William Ramsay, speaking in New York.

He has had an extensive experience of universities at home and abroad, so his words must be taken as of serious intent. He evidently meant no general attack upon education, but was merely emphasising the fact that two or three academic letters after a man's name do not prove him one whose capacity would stand the test of actual contact with the world's work.

Those who have been at our English Universities know that there is some truth in Sir William Ramsay's statement. The methods of instruction and the subjects set are mediaeval, and not adapted to practical needs.

But on the other hand a schoolboy is taught at the "Varsity how to be a man." He learns, if there is any grit in him, how to carry himself in public, and to make his way in an honourable fashion against the adverse wishes of his neighbour.

He learns to aim at that high standard of public and private morality comprehended in the title gentleman.

He learns, too, that a scholar from the Board school is as qualified to aspire to that title as a "pass man" from the peerage.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY.



Mr. Seymour Hicks as the Duke of St. Jermyns in the "Catch of the Season," his new musical comedy, produced so successfully at the Vaudeville Theatre last night. He is part-author, producer, plays the principal part, and well deserves his enthusiastic reception.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## SIR RICHARD HENN COLLINS.

HE is chairman of the committee which is to inquire into the scandalous miscarriage of justice in the Beck case. At the present moment Englishmen feel that their birthright of justice is in his hands, and they trust him with it. He is the right man in the right place.

His qualifications for the post are many. He is a hard, dry man of law—upon the Bench—always tactful, ever courteous, and capable of an infinity of work. He makes an ideal chairman of a committee. But below the mask of his hardness he is a kind and generous-hearted man. His courtesy is real—it is the result of true sympathy.

Off the Bench, when the mask is laid aside, he is a man who loves to go among his fellow men. He is popular everywhere. His sense of humour is of the keenest, and he has even written verses which still live in legal circles.

In Paris, where he is well known—for he was one of the arbitrators in the Venezuela Boundary dispute—he is as popular as he is at home.

He knows and appreciates a good play, can criticise a sermon, and plays golf. He used to cycle energetically, but, though he still rides a bicycle, is no longer an active exponent. He is also a keen angler.

His face is not a striking one. The eyes look straight at you, but the mouth is full, and the chin lacks the squareness which one expects in a man of determination. He still wears the side-whiskers of the old school.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Where are the dreams of the days gone by,  
The hopes of honour, the glancing play  
Of fire—new fancies that filled our sky—  
The songs we sang in the middle May,  
Carol and ballad and roundelay?  
Where are the garlands our young hands  
twined?

Life's but a memory, well-away!  
All else flits past on the wings of the wind:  
—John Payne.

## READERS' LETTER-BOX.

## TO REFORM PUBLIC-HOUSES.

While so many of us are anxiously working to combat the drink evil, it seems wrong that so many public-houses should bear the names of our Royal Family. It seems like royal sanction of their existence.

Within the London cab radius there are fifty-six King's Arms and nineteen Queen's Arms, forty King's Heads and forty Queen's Heads, not to take any notice of the names of other members of the royal house.

Cannot something be done to prevent publicans making this use of the names of our King and Queen?  
Bedford Park. MAURICE M. MARKS.

## EXTRAVAGANT MEN.

If a man's clothes do cost as much as, or perhaps a little more than, a woman's, it is only fair to remember that they wear much longer. Nor are the fashions always changing.

Surely a wife should not grudge the little extras, the tie-clips and key-chains, for the man is in most cases the breadwinner, and it is his money, too, which pays for the theatres and the other little luxuries which appeal far more to the woman than the man.  
L. N.  
Hillsborough-terrace, Ilfracombe.

## THE MUMMY'S CURSE.

Emboldened by the letter which appeared in the *Mirror* this morning, recounting the fate of the egg wrapped in a picture of the haunted mummy, I am venturing to relate my own experiences. I had tried to pass the series of accidents off as a coincidence, and to laugh myself into disbelieve. When I received my paper at breakfast the leg of the table—a collapsible one—gave way, and we had a terrible smash. On going to work I left the paper at home, and my wife, with it in her hand, slipped and sprained her ankle. Soon after returning home I picked up the paper, and while reading it the maid upset a jug of boiling water over my hand.

I, for one, believe in the curse of the mummy.  
Mansfield, Sept. 9. T. HOLMES.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

AGE does not seem to dim Lord Grimthorpe's powers as a clock designer, and though he is now eighty-nine he has just produced one for a Lancashire church. Big Ben is his greatest triumph, for the clock was erected according to his designs after all the well-known professional clockmakers had declared that the requirements were too strict. His fame does not rest on clocks alone, however. Many people insist that he has the honour of having introduced the Panama hat into this country. He certainly is the oldest living K.C.

He is rather given to raising agitations, and is anti-a great many things. He chiefly objects to tobacco, vaccination, and Bishops. He is often mistaken for a dignitary of the Church, however, owing to the peculiar cut of his black frock-coat. To see him cast a withering glance at the bench of Bishops is one of the amusing sights of the House of Lords, for he looks as much a Bishop as any of them. He is very careless of dress, and places comfort a long way before fashion. Appearances go for nothing with him. If they did, he would perhaps wear a tie.

## TO RIGHT THE WRONG.

Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B., who is one of the three members of the committee to inquire into the Beck scandal, is well known to the public by the excellent work he did as secretary to the Post Office. We have to thank him for sweeping away many of the silly and annoying regulations for which the Post Office was so famous. It was under his rule that the public were first allowed to affix a halfpenny stamp on a card in place of the old printed postcards. Another sensible rule sanctioned the use of the words "To be sent on" or "Please forward" on the address side. Depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank were allowed to withdraw money by telegraph. Four-ounce letters for a penny and free delivery of telegrams within a three-miles radius are all his work.

Sir John Edge, K.C., is the third member of the Beck Commission. Until 1898 he was Chief Justice of the High Courts of the North-Western Provinces of India, and during the twelve years of his work there was very popular. He looks more like a service man than a civilian and while in India did his best to be an Army man, for he was Colonel of the European Volunteers. He is also a keen sportsman and a good shot. Now he is a member of the Council of India.

I wonder whether Mr. Seymour Hicks thought of his first theatrical appearance last night when he was producing "The Catch of the Season" so successfully. It was while he was quite a small boy at school near Bath. The play was "Pinafore," and small Seymour Hicks, in a short blue frock, pink stockings, and a pig-tail down his back, was one of the events of the evening. The audience, chiefly composed of mothers and sisters and other relations of the performers, were charmed. Perhaps they would not have thought him quite such an angel if they could have seen him not long after playing one of his favourite jokes. It consisted in pouring a few drops of oil into all the inkpots in the schoolroom. The results were always disastrous for him; but the joke was one of his favourite ones, none the less.

## LORD KITCHENER'S ADMIRER.

Colonel Marchand, who is saying such nice things about Lord Kitchener in his account of the Fashoda incident, is the typical French soldier with a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The son of a village carpenter, his start in life was on a stool in the office of a notary, where his chief duty appears to have been copying theatrical manuscripts. The love of adventure was strong upon him, however, and he entered the French Marine Infantry some time before his term of conscription became due. Adventure did not come at once, and for years he spent his time in garrison duty in far-off ports.

Still he must have proved himself a good soldier, for he won his commission as lieutenant in 1887. Soon after his promotion he was sent on a punitive expedition to the French Sudan, when he behaved with such bravery as to be made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. On one occasion, at the head of a handful of men, he charged, and took a fortress held by several hundreds of armed "Fuzzies." He got a severe bullet wound in the head at the very beginning of the fighting, but led his men until the place was taken. His rise in the Army was rapid after that, and now he is one of the best known of French military men.

The future must look very bright to that clever young American actress, Miss Eleanor Holman, after her triumph in "Merely Mary Ann." The play was not a new one to her, for she played the part when it was produced in New York at the beginning of the year; but she is quite a newcomer to the stage. Three-and-a-half-years ago she made her appearance in "Arizona," which was afterwards seen in London, and scored an instant success. After appearing in only three other plays she created the part of the poor lodging-house servant who afterwards rises in the society scale. It is a wonderfully quick rise, even for the stage.

Gardener: This here is a tobacco pen in full flower. How very interesting. And how long will it be before the gars are ripe? "New Yorker."





## HOW THE ENGLISH INVADED ESSEX



Storing provisions for the troops in the neutral camp at Bentley.



Men of the Army Service Corps erecting a tent for the umpires at Abbey Fields.



9th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery ready for the retreat of the "Reds" from Middlewich.

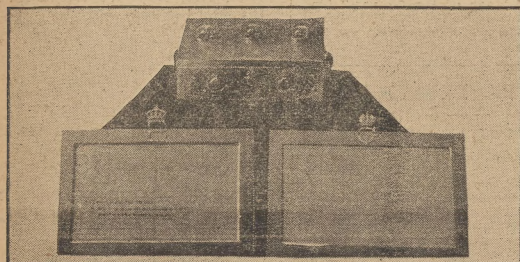


A field bakery at Abbey Fields, Colchester, capable of turning out about 21,000 rations per day.



A detachment of Coldstream Guards holding the road to Braintree.

### ROYAL MESSAGES AT THE ANCLESEY SALE.



On the left is the gold-mounted, bejewelled, frame enclosing a telegram from the King, and on the right is the silver and gold frame, also set in diamonds, containing a telegram the Marquis received from Prince George of Greece. These, with the silver and gold cigar-box shown above, fetched high prices.

### VAUDEVILLE'S LEADING LADY.



Miss Zena Darr, one of London's first favourites, who appeared as Angela in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville Theatre last night.—(Johnson and Hoffmann.)

### NORTH-COUNTRY WEDDING.



Miss Gina Burden, who is to be married to-day, Arthur Joicey, eldest son of Sir James Joicey, the colliery owner.—(Barnett.)

### LONDON AS IT ISN'T.



What Trafalgar-square would look like if it placed at the foot of the beautiful Fuji Japan's sacred mountain. — (Underwood Underwood.)

### GIPSY TENTS AT BLACKPOOL.

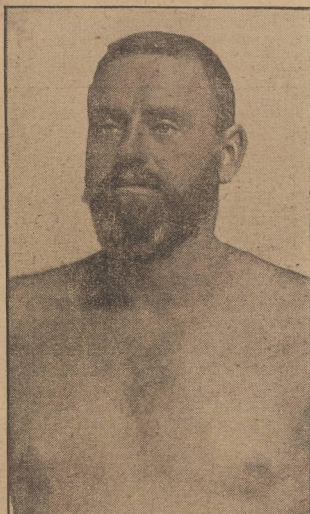


These are some of the gipsy fortune-tellers' "pitches" at Blackpool. The town council of Blackpool have taken up the crusade against the palmists, and already some of Blackpool's professors of the occult sciences have appeared before the magistrates.



# PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEWS TO-DAY

MR. T. W. BURGESS.



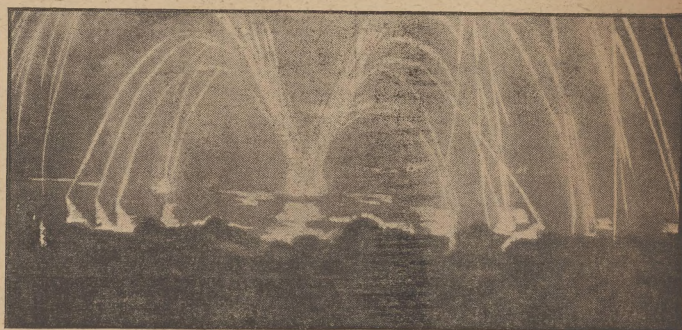
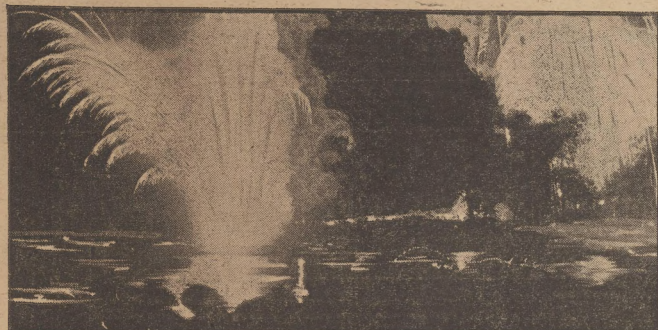
Who made such a fine attempt to swim the Channel, giving up when only five miles from Gris Nez. This is the latest portrait of him, taken after his great swim.

ONE OF LONDON'S STAR FOOTBALL TEAMS.



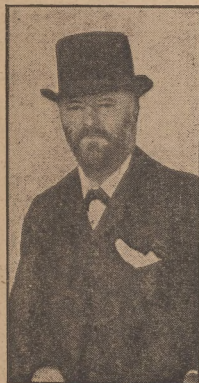
The Queen's Park Rangers football team, who have removed from Kensal Rise to the Royal Agricultural Society's splendid arena at Park Royal. The Rangers are one of the best-balanced teams in the south this season.

ILLUMINATIONS AT THE RICHMOND REGATTA.



These two remarkable pictures do not represent a volcanic eruption nor a terrific mine explosion at sea. They are simply two photographs of the firework display at the Richmond Regatta.—(Callcott.)

SOUTHEND PICTURE COMPETITION.

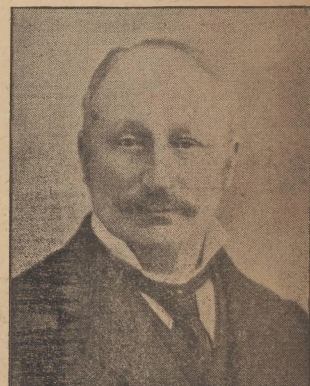


Each of the above two visitors at Southend will be awarded five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen on application at the "Daily Mirror" tent on the front.

A YOUTHFUL MOTORIST.



This is Master George du Cros, aged five, one of the youngest motorists in the world, driving his "Baby" Panhard. In his little car he headed the procession at the recent Hastings Automobile meet, and received second prize in the "appearance" competition.



Mr. John Flower, who received from the Treasury £18 towards his £518 expenses in connection with the prosecution of the late Mr. Whitaker Wright. When the case was heard it was stated that all costs would be borne by the Treasury.



# THE CRYING NEED FOR REST—A SEASONABLE TOILETTE.

## THE BEST COSMETIC.

### REPOSE AS A BEAUTIFIER OF THE APPEARANCE.

We find women nowadays flying hither and thither, submitting to all sorts of face doctoring, massage, and the like, to obtain a pretty complexion and stave off the ravages of time, and yet neglecting one of Nature's best and simplest of cosmetics—"rest."

#### Too Many Interests.

In the life of the busy woman of to-day, with her daily occupations, her work, her club, her visiting, her entertaining, repose does not find a place. Indeed, in the rush and whirl of life, rest seems an unknown quantity, for even when she is pretending to make holiday the modern woman is really far from rest.

If fair women only knew how potent and necessary proper rest is, if she really cared to preserve her beauty, she would discard some of the work and gaieties that so fill her life and snatch a little more time for this much-needed repose.

It is the lack of proper rest that withers the complexion, spoils its fresh tints, and brings those premature wrinkles and furrows on the forehead and round the eyes.

By rest not only the nightly sleep which all need is implied, but a calm, restful state of the body and mind during the waking hours of the day. Mental activity is desirable for all women, but that stress and rush which characterises so strongly the daily life of the modern woman is often the root of a great deal of beauty loss.

The fever to be always doing something, never to be happy without some excitement, and something to look forward to, is fatal to good looks. The constant ferment of mind this struggle after excitement produces gives a worried expression to the face, and leaves many a line upon the forehead.

#### A New Taste for Needlework.

If girls would try to live quieter lives, try to emulate the habits of their grandmothers, and spend some portion of each day in the quiet, soothing occupation of needlework, or in some other restful task, they would keep young in heart and face much longer than they do now. Happily an appreciation for needlework is showing itself among girls again, and this may be the stepping-stone to an easier existence.

Far be it from the sensible to even suggest a sedentary life for any woman, but those who are wise do advocate most earnestly the need of rest, not only for the body but for the mind—rest from the wear and tear of modern life, as a means of self-preservation from many ills.

## CURIOUS CLOCKS.

### JEWELLERY TIME-KEEPERS LIKE STUDS.

A watchmaker in Paris sells a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

The studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt, and the watch, contained in the middle one, is wound by the turning of the stud above, while the hands are set by turning the stud below. The most wonderful detail about this minute machine is that it works with a pendulum like a clock, and the pendulum will act with ease and accuracy in whatever position the timepiece is placed, even if it be upside down.

#### A Watch That Calls the Hours.

Another new watch contains a tiny, hard, india-rubber phonograph-plate, which calls out the hours loud enough to be heard 20ft. away. Sentiment can be added to this odd production—a Swiss one—by having the words recorded on the plate in the tones of a dear friend, a wife, a husband, or one's children. But of course the maker must be induced to let the watch speak in their own language, and not in French.

While on the subject of timekeepers, it is worth while to chronicle the effort of a Tyrolean clock-maker who recently invented and patented a unique alarm clock. It is simply a new and original application of the alarm given to the clocks made in the Black Forest, possessing a certain peculiarity which he designates the Alpine Waker.

When in the solitudes of the high pastures, the cowherds of the Tyrol and Switzerland desire to communicate with one another over distances too far for the voice to carry, they make use of a sort of wooden drum, upon which they strike with a

wooden hammer, thus producing a sound which is distinctly audible over a long distance. This custom is the father of the idea.

Just above the dial on the clock will be found a wooden hammer which, actuated by the alarm movement, beats upon a thin board, raised an inch from the face of the clock, as upon a drum, producing a sound of remarkable intensity, more thrilling indeed than that of the ordinary metal bell, and calculated to arouse the most determined sluggard.

#### Personal Ornaments.

Pear-shaped drops are being much worn for earrings, and a pendant made of a single diamond of a melon shape. But it is still the minority of women who wear earrings. Gipsy rings have come back again into vogue, and the broad bracelets worn in the mid-Victorian era resembling a cuff in shape, made in a lattice work of diamonds or pearls, are seen.

Anything picturesque or antique in jewellery finds favour. Even cameos are not abjured. One of the latest notions is a handkerchief holder—a ring worn on the little finger with a fine gold

## JAPANESE VIGOUR.

### THE RESULT OF GOOD AIR AND PURE WATER.

The Japanese, it is allowed, are among the very strongest people on earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and yet they eat practically no meat at all. The diet that enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains consists almost wholly of rice,

An autumn hat made of rough cream felt with a bordering of black panne on the brim and a ruche of the same round the crown.



The smart and serviceable autumn toilette shown in the adjoining column was sketched at Angola's, 53, Conduit-street, London, W. It is a useful and very becoming suit made of green-phoenix-feather tweed, plain green cloth trimmings, and tweed buttons. A green leather belt clasps the waist and completes a most desirable gown that costs only five and a half guineas. To wear with it the bronze-green feather hat illustrated is purchasable at a price of one and a half guineas.

course, and older girls and even matrons have been seen in numbers riding astride in the hunting fields. It is expected that this seat will be still more prevalent this autumn and winter.

Onion is one of the new pretty tones. It is, as its name implies, of a greenish white, and is clear and pale and pretty enough to suit very fair blondes.

## Your Life Insured FREE

That's interesting, isn't it, but it is not the only matter of interest you can have for one penny. When Sunday comes you want news—interesting news, reliable news, in fact, ALL THE NEWS. You should buy the

## WEEKLY DISPATCH

Order a copy of to-morrow's issue, and read about the great Free Insurance Scheme.

THE LEADING SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

Everywhere Id. Everywhere

## OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

Of all the old-fashioned fancies that have been revived for the delectation of the present age none is more welcome than the old-fashioned garden. Was it the revival of the 1830 styles that brought back the dear old posies that our grandmothers loved, or is it that the world is taking more kindly to nature and simplicity? However it may be, there is a noticeable tendency of late to reinstate the old-fashioned garden in its former respected position. The only wonder is that anything so altogether delightful should ever have been allowed to fall into disavow. The buxom dahlias, the variegated phlox, the prim, sturdy marigolds, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and all the brave company so long ostracised from garden society are now to be found in the very highest circles.

The kimono shape remains a favourite for smart cloaks for day and evening wear.

steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare, fish, eggs, vegetables, and fruit.

For beverages they take weak tea, without sugar or milk, and pure water, all alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities; by an Englishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses.

The Japanese recognise the beneficial effect of flushing the system, and they also cleanse the exterior of their bodies to an extent undreamed of in Europe. Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible, inhalation of fresh air is an essential for the acquisition of strength, and this method is sedulously practised until it becomes a part of their nature.

## RIDING ASTRIDE.

### CHILDREN SET THE FASHION.

In a quiet way and in habits that scarcely betray the fact many women are now riding astride, and numbers of children do. The doctors advise this position, especially for small and growing girls, whom side-saddle riding renders crooked. Paris

# Force

A nourishing and palatable meal without striking a match.



## HOPPERS' MISERY.

## Short of Money and Drenched with Rain.

Hopping is nothing of a picnic this year. Cheerless reports come from all the fields. Rain is making the lot of the pickers very uncomfortable, and to add to their cup of unhappiness the growers require them to work every hour of daylight, fearing lest the hops should not keep.

Among the hoppers' huts, and other temporary shelters, the conditions of life are particularly miserable.

Thousands of families from London and elsewhere are in a sorry plight, especially in the Faversham district of East Kent and the extensive plantations stretching from Maidstone in mid-Kent through Farleigh, Wateringbury, and on to Rad-dock Wood in the Weald of Kent.

A common sight in the Sittingbourne district is wagon-loads of women and children, with dragged clothing, being taken home from the fields, shivering and wretched.

In the neighbourhood of Maidstone the same sad story is to be told. The condition of the hoppers, young and old, is truly pitiable.

Besides, the money has not been good. One old man, with a large family, complained that he was

only allowed to "sub." threepence—all he had earned one day last week—and was without food.

There have been several sudden deaths of late among children and grown-up persons.

Where tent accommodation alone is provided the condition of the hoppers is terrible, the tents frequently being drenched through.

Large numbers are returning home to London, the humble homes in Whitechapel and Houndsditch being vastly preferable to the outdoor privations of the hop harvest.

East Kent hoppers are happily better off than those in other parts of the country, as they are sheltered in substantially-erected huts, which are systematically inspected by sanitary officers.

## FIRST POPE WITH A WATCH.

Pope Pius X. is the first Pontiff to carry a watch. Hitherto it has been etiquette at the Vatican that the Pope must always ask one of the cardinals what time it is.

When the cardinals informed Pius X. of the old custom, he replied, smiling: "The Holy Father ought always himself to know what o'clock it is."

## WHAT TO SEE AT EARL'S COURT.

If you are going to Earl's Court to-day pay a visit to the *Daily Mirror* stall in the Western Arcade, where you will find the various novelties which are being sold at absurd prices in order to advertise the *Daily Mirror*.

## AT THE "VRIL-YA CLUB."

## Singular Society to Cultivate a Mysterious Power.

A club with unique ideals, and with a distinguished roll of members, exists in Bond-street.

It was formed last winter for the exposition and practical cultivation of "Vril," a force which may be likened to mesmerism, hypnotic power, or personal magnetism, which it is claimed is latent in mankind, and the possibilities of which are fore-shown in the *Coming Race*, and Lord Lytton's famous romance, "The Coming Race."

Henceforth the Vril-ya Club will be a name to conjure with. It already numbers a princess and a countess in its membership—the Princess Karadia of Stockholm and Gouvy, and the Comtesse de Brie—a brilliant and a galaxy of titled ladies, among them the Baroness Bencklow, Lady Torrens, Lady Tyler, Lady Eva Moreton, and Lady Mosley.

"There is about the Vril-ya movement nothing opposed to common-sense," said Mr. Arthur Lovell to a *Mirror* representative at his Park-street house yesterday. "We are at variance, of course, with the supporters of Christian Science, theosophy, and spiritualism, but at the same time, we take note of the best in all of them."

"We approach all things with will, concentration, and imagination, in a rational manner, and I believe in time we shall be able to so control the

human organs as to cure cancer and other malignant diseases absolutely."

"We are dealing with a force which is very much akin to electricity. What would appear to the uninitiated or unthinking person to be absolutely miraculous comes in time to be really an operation of this force."

Disease is caused by this force being below par, or not in such a position as to act on a particular organ. The idea, therefore, is that the more we accumulate this force the more our health improves."

At the meetings of the club during the coming winter months there will be discussions on social and political questions, each subject being approached, Mr. Lovell emphasised, from the point of view of reason, and Lord Lytton's romance, "The Coming Race," stands as the Vril-ya president, a new and better light will be thrown upon them than is possible by strictly party minds.

For the moment the membership of the Vril-ya Club is a little more than 100, but great developments are contemplated. "Later on we hope to set up a guide book on Vril-ya lives, and blossom forth as a vast international organisation."

## HANGED IN RAILWAY COMPARTMENT.

For the first time in the history of German railways a lady hanged herself to other day in a compartment, making the rack her gallows. She had attempted suicide by poisoning on the previous day. A paper in deceased's pocket was marked "For the hospital," and contained a sum of money.

## LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

## CHAPTER XXIX. (continued).

Juliet was well aware that Wilkinson had married again, but she could not make up her mind to tell the truth to the wretched woman who stood before her. She did not see what good purpose it could serve; but she realised that the knowledge might be useful some day, if ever Gramphorn desired to punish his two most inveterate enemies. She made up her mind to keep the woman in sight. Then she suddenly remembered the cypher which had been given to her by Lieder. Here was a possible source of information.

"Your father was murdered?" she said after a pause. "Was the murderer ever discovered?" The woman shook her head.

"Was there any motive for the crime?" continued Juliet. "You'll excuse me prying into your family affairs, but I'm thinking of giving you employment, and should like to know all about you." The woman's face brightened.

"Yes," she replied eagerly, "there was a motive. A valuable paper was extracted from my father's desk. It was the key to a cypher. Curiously enough, two days after the paper disappeared the expected letter arrived from my brother in Mashangweland. It was in cypher, and, of course, was useless. My father was dead, and the key had been stolen."

"Have you any reason to think it was a letter of importance?" asked Juliet. The name of Mashangweland had excited her interest.

"Yes," replied the woman. "My brother was out prospecting for gold in Mashangweland. He had arranged with my father to write to him in cypher if he made any discovery of importance. Without doubt the letter had some reference to a find of gold in Mashangweland. My brother died in the country, of cold and exhaustion."

"And the letter?" asked Juliet, trying to conceal her agitation. "Have you got it?"

"No," the woman replied, "my husband had it." Juliet turned away and busied herself at the dressing-table. Her hands trembled as she took off the paint from her face. She recalled some words of Stanton's with reference to the very same thing. Her lover had found this woman's brother frozen to death, in the mountains of Mashangweland. Everything in Juliet's life seemed to move in a circle, and the centre of that circle was John Gramphorn.

"I will engage you as my private dresser," said Juliet Amerie, without looking away from the glass. "You will commence work to-day week, when my present dresser is leaving me. In the meantime—she went to her purse and took out two sovereigns—"here is something on account of salary. I shall give you £2 a week."

Mrs. Wilkinson murmured her heartfelt thanks and withdrew. Juliet had closed the door behind her Juliet's face changed. She was no longer obliged to restrain her feelings, and a look of eager determination came into her eyes. Here was a discovery of the greatest importance. This letter undoubtedly related to the finding of gold in Mashangweland. If she could only lay hands on it, she had the key to the cypher. A real discovery of gold would once more place power in Gramphorn's hands. In a flash, in a twinkling of the eye, he would be a multi-millionaire. She did not doubt that he would once again use all his strength and wealth to give Mashangweland to the British Empire. Before she left the theatre that night she resolved to get the letter from Wilkinson at any cost.

The next morning she sent for Mrs. Wilkinson.

This unfortunate woman was the only weapon that lay ready to her hand.

"Mrs. Wilkinson," she said, as soon as the woman had seated herself nervously on a small chair in the drawing-room, "I am engaged to be married to Mr. Gramphorn. I have every reason to believe that the letter which your brother sent to your father will prove the existence of gold in Mashangweland. If this is so it is of the utmost importance that it should be found and deciphered. I want your assistance in the matter. I will deal handsomely with you and your child if there is anything in it. Mr. Gramphorn will make you a rich woman. Now will you help me to obtain what I want?"

"I should be only too glad," murmured the woman, "but I don't know where it is."

"I do," answered Juliet. "It is in the hands of your husband. He is still alive."

Mrs. Wilkinson betrayed not the slightest emotion at the news. Her husband had been dead to her for many years. He was nothing but an unpleasant memory.

"And?" she said calmly. "I am sorry to hear it." Juliet shuddered at the tone of the woman's voice. It represented hopeless apathy and indifference.

"He is also married to another woman," continued Juliet, as though trying to pierce the callousness of the woman's heart.

"Living with another woman," said Mrs. Wilkinson, "may be a way of correction. I am sorry for her, poor thing."

"Oh, she can look after herself," said Juliet; "but he went through a form of marriage with her. You know what that means."

For the first time the woman showed some signs of emotion and feeling. Her eyes flashed and a flush came into her white cheeks. She clenched her hands nervously.

"Bigamy!" she cried. "Hard labour! It will do him good. Where is he?" She rose to her feet, trembling with excitement. Juliet shrank from her in horror. The fire had died out from this poor, drunken creature, but revenge still glowed in the cold ashes.

"I want this letter," said Juliet, going back to the subject uppermost in her mind, "and you can get it for me, Mrs. Wilkinson. If you will do so, I will see that you and your child live in ease and comfort for the rest of your lives."

"Do you think he will give it to me?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson; and she laughed ironically.

"Yes," replied Juliet, "I am sure he will give it to you. Remember, that he has committed a serious crime. He is in your power."

Mrs. Wilkinson understood. She was to sacrifice her vengeance. She was confronted with a grave problem.

"You mean, I am to promise to keep my mouth shut if he will give me the letter; that I have got to let him go scot free?"

"That's it," said Juliet.

"And for years and years I have prayed to Heaven to give me the power to strike him."

"Just so," said Juliet; "and now you will find there is something better than revenge—the happiness of your child."

Mrs. Wilkinson turned on her angrily. "You want to buy me," she cried. "I am poor, Miss Amerie, very, very poor; but there is still a spark of human nature left in me. I want revenge."

"Look here," said Juliet in a pleading voice, "you can do me a good turn. You can do Mr. Gramphorn a good turn."

"Why should I do Mr. Gramphorn a good turn?" cried the woman. "They say he has ruined the lives of all who have come in contact with him."

"Well, you can do me a good turn," continued Juliet, "and benefit yourself as well. Revenge is nothing, and usually recoils on the heads of those who seek it. You do not want your husband. You are well rid of him."

"I hate him," cried Mrs. Wilkinson fiercely, "but of what use is this letter to you? You cannot decipher it."

"I have the key," replied Juliet.

"You have the key," she gasped in astonishment, "you, Miss Amerie?"

"Yes, I have the key," continued Juliet, "but I had nothing to do with the murder. I will tell you how I got it." And she briefly related the story of Lieder's confession.

"Now, it is like this," she said in conclusion. "I have the key. I also know where your husband is. I can lead you to him. Neither of us can do anything without the other. Are you going to help me or are you not?"

Mrs. Wilkinson twisted her thin fingers together nervously and looked on the carpet. She was helpless—a poor, half-starved woman, with a child to think of and a lot of money for. The truth was borne forcibly home to her.

"I will help you, Miss Amerie," she said after a long pause. "I have every confidence in you and Mr. Gramphorn. I am sure you will do your best for me. What do you wish me to do?"

"Come to me on Sunday evening at eight o'clock," said Juliet. "I will then call on Mr. Wilkinson and get the letter."

## CHAPTER XXX. Beauty and the Beast.

One Sunday evening Mr. Wilkinson and his new bride dined together in sullen silence. When dinner was over they separated. Mr. Wilkinson went to the smoking-room, and his wife retired to her boudoir. She was already heartily sick of her husband. As an engineer, an explorer, a pioneer in new countries, he might have been tolerable, but as an idle gentleman of means he was a failure. The ease and luxury of his present surroundings had driven him to drink.

Wilkinson leaned back in a luxurious easy-chair with a cigar between his lips and a whisky-and-soda by his side. He was reading the "Sporting Times," and from time to time he chuckled inanely. Then the bright pink colour of the paper began to irritate him, and the black lines began to shift about in a most peculiar manner. He flung the paper down with an oath, and relapsed into a long and hazy calculation as to the chances of various horses in a coming race.

His unfruitful meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who handed him a card on a silver tray. He took it languidly in his shaking fingers and tried to decipher the name. Then he gave a start, and pulled himself together.

"To see me," he queried, "or Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"To see you, sir," she asked if you were alone.

"Show her up," said Wilkinson briskly, and when the man had left the room he chuckled.

An interview with a young and beautiful woman—what could she want of him?

Juliet was ushered into the room, and Wilkinson rose unsteadily to greet her. When the man had closed the door he held out his hand with an evil leer on his face. He guessed that Juliet had come to ask some favour of him. He scowled as she shrank from him and refused his proffered hand. However, he pocketed the insult.

"This is a great pleasure," he said huskily. "Sit down, won't you?"

"Thank you," said Juliet, and she seated herself on an isolated chair by the fireplace.

"Great pleasure," he continued, rescating himself and taking a long draught of whisky and soda—"great unexpected pleasure."

"I have come on business," said Juliet. "I have a friend with me, but she would not come up."

Wilkinson laughed.

"Good friend," he mumbled apologetically.

"Two's company, eh, but three—" And he looked at her with insolent admiration glowing in his bloodshot eyes.

"Shall I send for her?" she said meaningly. "No, dear," he replied, "by no means. Now then, what can we do for you? Money, eh? Got plenty of money, you know."

"You have in your possession a letter written to our John Amerie, do you not?" said Juliet. "A look of cunning came into Wilkinson's flushed face."

"What do you know about the letter, eh?" he asked sharply.

"I know you have got it, and I want you to give it to me," Wilkinson laughed.

"What are you going to give me for it?" he said, with a leer. "Are you going to give me for it?" and, rising to his feet, he moved towards her.

Juliet rose sharply from her seat and confronted him. He shrunk back from the look in her eyes, and clutched the back of a chair unsteadily.

"I am going to give you a favour sent to you," she said. "I do not know what men get for bigamy, but I fancy it's something pretty stiff."

"My first wife is dead," Wilkinson replied with an effort at indifference, but his face grew very white. For answer Juliet rang the bell.

"She went out to America," he continued. "I gave her £100. I heard that she was going to give me for it," and, rising to his feet, he moved towards her.

"You heard nothing of the sort," Juliet replied.

"Do you think me a fool," he blustered, "if I had known that she was alive, do you think I would have married again without changing my name, and putting myself beyond all reach of detection. Do you think so?"

"I am sure you are not a fool," Juliet replied. The footman entered.

"Tell the lady below to come up," she said. Wilkinson moved forward, as though to countermand the order, but apparently he thought better of it and was silent. The man left the room.

"I am sure you are not a fool," continued Juliet. "I have no objection to your name being changed, but have your wife put out of the way. Unfortunately, they have miscarried." Wilkinson turned away from her, and, crossing over to the table, poured himself out a stiff drink, which he gulped down at a single draught.

Then the door opened, and Mrs. Wilkinson was shown into the room. When the door was closed behind her she laughed.

"What a nice home you have got, Arthur," she said, with a sneer; "everything you want. It would be a pity to break it up." Wilkinson glanced at her for a moment in speechless amazement.

Then his face was suddenly convulsed with fury, and, lunging forward, he seized his wife by the throat and bore her with a crash to the floor.

"Loose her instantly," cried Juliet, "if I ring this bell all is up with you. Your last chance will be gone. Your last chance will be gone."

She almost screamed the words into his ear, and the foot of her penetrated his dressing with a drunken, maddened brain. He released his wife's throat and rose to his feet. His face was distorted and purple with passion, and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"Give me the letter," said Juliet, "and your wife will keep her mouth shut. You will never see her again."

"I swear it," cried Juliet.

"Swear it," he said to his wife, who was still moaning on the floor.

"I swear it," she gasped faintly. Wilkinson turned on his heel and left the room. When he returned he handed a dirty and crumpled piece of paper to Juliet Amerie. The letter glanced at it. It contained an unintelligible string of letters.

"Thank you," she said, curtsy. Mrs. Wilkinson rose from her chair, and Juliet helped her from the room.

When they had gone Mrs. Wilkinson took another long drink. He was trembling from head to foot, and the perspiration ran down his white face.

"Cheap," he murmured to himself, "cheap as the price."

(To be continued on Monday.)



# THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

## "Who Gave You the Trinket You Showed Me?"

### L'ANGELIER GETS BETTER AND ASKS QUESTIONS.

Madeleine Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 30, 1857, for the murder of her lover. Without questioning the lover, Emile L'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passionate series of love letters from Madeleine to L'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established; and a request came from many of our readers that we should set out the circumstances of the latter tragedy.

The motives urged against Madeleine Smith at her trial were (1) that she had tired of her secret intrigue with L'Angelier, a penniless clerk, whom she knew her wealthy parents would never let her marry; (2) her father was forcing her into an engagement with a neighbour, a Mr. William Minnoch, a prosperous young Glasgow merchant; (3) L'Angelier would not release her, but threatened to show her terrible love letters to her father.

To-day we bring L'Angelier down to his convalescence in March, 1857, after his second mysterious illness.

## CHAPTER XII.

### L'Angelier Better—Madeleine Buys More Arsenic—Her Broken Troth.

Death. With the shadows gathering round him, the mystery of L'Angelier grows deeper and deeper. The enigma of his character will never be solved. He lies in his grave, and of the dead there must be no human judgment. Only this. The forty-seven years that have gone by since he perished may well soften our unspoken thought of him. So much more the day predicted him in the eyes of those who appraised him at the moment of his death that the points in his favour were forgotten.

In the streets of Glasgow, that June when Madeleine Smith was taking her trial, men declared if he had not been poisoned he deserved to be. For them he was more than a disreputable, the money-grubber, the professional seducer of a young girl higher than himself in station. But had he really been a blackmailer he would have had his price. He never attempted to extort a penny. He loved passionately, madly, and when, after the fashion of his foreign temperament, he exclaimed that no other man should possess Madeleine, while he was on earth, he only repeated the cry which has been raised millions of times upon this earth by the voice of passion.

### NOT A VILLAIN.

All Scotland, all England, was against him then, yet his character seemed into a far more favourable light during the interval of the years. Perhaps the words of the Lord Advocate of the day when addressing the jury at the end of the trial convey the fairest estimate of L'Angelier by a tolerant and fair-minded man.

"It is quite clear," said that functionary, "that by energy and courage he has laid the way up to a position that was at least respectable. A position in which those who came in contact with him plainly had for him a very considerable regard. It is no part of my case to maintain the character of the unhappy deceased. The facts in this case make it impossible to speak of him in any terms but those of respect and admiration. Verily an I at all inclined to say that from first to last his conduct was that of a man of honour. But still it is plain that when Miss Smith became first acquainted with L'Angelier he was a man moving in a respectable position, bearing a respectable character, liked by all those who came in contact with him, spoken of by the three ladies with whom he lodged in the highest possible terms—a man of whom the Chancellor of the French Consulate spoke as respectable and steady—a man spoken of by his employers and by his fellow-clerks in Huggins's warehouse also in the highest terms."

### THE CLOSING DAYS.

Certainly his actions during that March, 1857, the last few days of his life, increase the favourable view one may be inclined to have of his character. We have reached March 5; L'Angelier is meditating a little trip after the second mysterious illness which had brought him almost to death's door. Whatever suspicions he may have had of Madeleine's part in those illnesses he had stifled. Whatever jealousy he felt, going about as he did, and hearing on one side and the other that Madeleine was to be carried to Minnoch, he put away from him, preferring to believe her letters,

full of the old protestations of love. But, as we have seen at the end of the last chapter, there had come a fresh little rift in the love. Madeleine, in the midst of all her hoarded words had given him to understand that his proposed visit to the Bridge of Allan to convalesce was not to her liking, inasmuch as his family and she were going for a fortnight to Stirling, in the neighbourhood. She writes to advise how much better he will be in the south—the Isle of Wight. And, as we have already seen, her motive for this, according to the prosecution, was to be explained by the fact that, having made two attempts to poison him, she had relented and wanted him to get quite out of the way and leave her quietly to marry Minnoch in his absence.

### CHECKMATED.

If that was her plan, it failed. L'Angelier was all the more determined to go and recuperate at the Bridge of Allan, and his answer conveying this intention is interesting, for it shows a new turn in the tragedy. We give it in full, because it is the only scrap of evidence under this young man's hand that the Crown were able to lay before the jury.

He writes under date Glasgow, March 5:—  
My dearest sweet pet Mimi,—I feel indeed very vexed that the answer I received yesterday to mine of Tuesday to you should prevent me from sending you the kind letter I had ready for you. You must not blame me, dear, for this, but really your cold, indifferent, and reserved notes, so short, written after pledging your word you were to write me kindly for those letters you asked me to destroy, and the manner you evaded answering the questions I put to you in my last; with the reports I hear, fully convince me, Mimi, that there is foundation in your marriage with another; besides, when you put off our mutual little settlement, which is just reason is very suspicious. I do not think, Mimi dear, that Mrs. Anderson would say your mother told her things she had not; and, really, I could not believe Mr. Houldsworth would be guilty of telling a falsehood for mere talking. No, Mimi, there is a foundation for all this. You often go to Mr. M. M. house, and commences would lead any one to believe that if you were not on the footing reports say you are you would avoid going near any of his friends. I know he goes with you, or at least meets you, in Stirlingshire. Mimi dear, place yourself in my position and tell me I am wrong in believing what I hear. I was happy the last time we met—yes, very happy. I was forgetting all the past; but now it is again beginning.

### "MIMI, ANSWER ME!"

Mimi, I insist in having an explicit answer to the questions you evaded in my last. If you evade answering them this time I must try some other means of coming to the truth. If not answered in a satisfactory manner you must not expect I shall again write you personally or meet you when you return home. I do not wish you to answer this at random. I shall wait a day or so if you require it. I know you cannot write me from Stirlingshire, as the time you have to write me a letter is occupied in doing so to others. There was a time you would have found plenty of time.

Answer me this, Mimi—who gave you the trinket you showed me? Is it true? It was Mr. Minnoch? And is it true that you are directly or indirectly engaged to Mr. Minnoch, or to anyone else but me. These questions I must know.

The doctor says I must go to B. of A. I cannot travel 500 miles to the I. of Wight and 500 back. What is your object in wishing me so very much to go south? I may not go to B. of A. till Wednesday. If I can avoid going I shall do so for your sake. I shall wait to hear from you. I hope, dear, nothing will happen to check the happiness we were again enjoying. May God bless you, pet, and with many fond and tender embraces, believe me, with kind love, your ever affectionate husband,  
EMILE L'ANGELIER.

It is to be observed that in that letter he says very plainly that after the meeting of the 22nd he was forgetting all the past. Whatever had floated through his mind on the subject of the strange coincidence of his illnesses, on the one hand, and his visits to Madeleine Smith on the other—all that he put away; and he says that he was "forgetting all the past." But now, he says, "it is again beginning. Mimi, I insist on having an explicit answer to the question you evaded in my last. If you evade answering this time I must try some other means of coming to the truth." This was written on March 5. He says he won't go to the I. of Wight, and that the doctor tells him he must go to the Bridge of Allan.

The prisoner answers him the same day: "My dear, sweet pet," she says,

I am so sorry you should be so vexed; believe nothing, sweet one, till I tell you myself. It is a report I am sorry about; but I have been six months spoken about. My sweet love, I love you, and only wish you were better. We shall speak of our union when we meet. . . . I wish, love, you could manage to remain in town till we come home, as I know it will be a grand row with me if you are seen there. . . . Neither Minnoch nor his sisters go with us.

No, but she knew that they were going there at the same time.

I have only been in Minnoch's house once, and that was this week—and I was sent a message because Mama could not go herself. I will tell and answer you all questions when we meet. Adieu, dearest love of my soul, with fond and tender embraces, ever believe me, with love and kisses, to be your own fond, dear, and loving MIMI.

### MADELEINE BUYS MORE ARSENIC.

That was her answer. She buys her second ounce of arsenic next day. This time in a different shop, in a different street, and this time also she did not go alone, but was accompanied by a young girl friend. She asked for sixpenny worth, for the alleged purpose of killing rats in the Blythwood-square house. Of this purchase of arsenic we may have to say a little more at a later date. Here it is enough to summarise this part of the story on March 5. There is her letter: "Do not come to the Bridge of Allan, but go to the Isle of Wight. If you come to the Bridge of Allan, come your own way." And—on March 6—in the expectation that he might come to the Bridge of Allan, she buys arsenic—the second known purchase in the course of her life.

Madeleine Smith purchased that arsenic, unquestionably, upon a false statement. The time was not far off that she was at Row, as it had been on February 21, when she bought sixpenny-worth from Mr. Murdoch's shop. Now it was a case of rats at the house in Blythwood-square—which was to be shut up, and all the servants taken away. The whole of that statement was an absolute falsehood. There were no rats at the Blythwood-square house, the servants were not all to be removed, and the house was not to be shut up.

### "I LONG TO KISS YOU."

Well, she goes with her family to the Bridge of Allan. What she did with all that arsenic no one can say. The theory of the prosecution is that she was afraid to leave it lying about, and since she could not have used even a twentieth part of it (supposing that she had been dosing L'Angelier with it prior to the 23rd), she put the rest in the fire, whenever she had used what she wanted of it. She gets to the Bridge of Allan, and on March 10 she writes to L'Angelier a cold letter, and in it she says, amongst other things: "We shall be home on Monday or Tuesday. I shall write you, sweet love, when we shall have an interview. I long to see you, to kiss and embrace you, my only sweet love."

L'Angelier, as we shall see presently, awaits that interview with feverish impatience, and then, on March 13, there comes the last of her letters to her lover. In it she says: "I think we shall be home on Tuesday. So I shall let you know, my own beloved, sweet pet, when we shall have a dear, sweet interview, when I may be pressed to your heart, and kissed by you, my own sweet love."

L'Angelier and she had patched up their difference about the Bridge of Allan on the understanding that he was to postpone his journey until the Smiths had returned. Hence her concluding sentence, "I hope you will enjoy your visit here. Adieu, ever yours, with love—and fond kisses."

### FALSE LOVE.

And what was going on at the Bridge of Allan at this time? The marriage with Minnoch was all settled; the day was fixed; Madeleine was committed beyond all hope of recovery, and she could see no way out.

On March 16, 1857, she writes to Mr. Minnoch:—

My Dearest William,—It is but fair, after your kindness to me, that I should write to you a note. The day I part from friends I always feel sad. But to part from one I love as I do you, is a real trial. My heart is dull. My only consolation is that we meet soon. To-morrow we shall be home. I do so wish you were here to-day. We might take a long walk. Our walk to Dumbane I shall ever remember with pleasure. That walk fixed a day on which we are to begin a new life—a life with much more happiness and much better duration to both of us. My aim through life shall be to please and study you. Dear William, I must conclude, as Mama is ready to go to Stirling. I do not go with the same pleasure as I did the last time. I hope you got to town safe—and found your sisters well. Accept my warmest, kindest love, and ever believe me to be, yours with affection,  
MADELEINE.

But let us follow the fortunes of L'Angelier for the next most critical ten days of his life.

He gets leave of absence on March 6 (the date on which Madeleine buys her second sixpenny-worth of arsenic), goes to Edinburgh for a week, sees a variety of friends, and is much better. But this was so evident from the words of those friends who came as witnesses to the trial. One was a Mrs. Towers, a sister of Miss Perry, L'Angelier's kind old friend in Glasgow. She lived with her husband at Portobello, where L'Angelier paid them a visit on March 16. He dined with them, and he and she talked almost the whole time about his health. The old suspicions as to the causes of his illnesses were still floating through his brain. Mrs. Towers related— "He said something about cocoa and coffee, and said he had been getting cocoa and coffee, and, after taking them both, he was much better, and he had been ill. He said he had been in the habit of taking coffee, but he was not accustomed to cocoa. He spoke of more than two occasions on which he had been ill. He made the remark that he thought he had been poisoned."

The lady's husband was so much struck with these words that he said to L'Angelier, "Has any one any motive in poisoning you?" But to that L'Angelier made no answer.

(To be continued on Monday.)

## DULLEST JOB IN LONDON.

### A Life Spent in Waiting for Accidents.

The London County Council has just provided a Thames watchman with what is known as "the dullest job in London."

For nine hours a day he is compelled to sit in a small boat under Chelsea Bridge waiting for any of the men employed in the repairing of the bridge to fall into the water.

If they do fall into it is his business to rescue them; if they don't it is his business to wait until they do. In any case, he gets £2 2s. a week for the job, and, in his own words, "I'll take a lot of it to make me tired."

The repairing will probably take six months. Rust has eaten into the girders, and weakened bolts and plates. The replacing of them is done upon narrow planks, stretched over unpleasant gaps, beneath which the river swirls round the buttresses with ever-involving suggestiveness.

But there is little to fear, for a long rope hangs down, and the man in the boat keeps a ceaseless vigil.

### £2 2s. a Week.

"Dangerous! Oh, dear, no!" declared Mr. Matthews, with all the engineer's contempt of danger; "and there's nothing I begrudge more than the £2 2s. a week to the man in the boat there."

"The man in the boat" was accomplishing his work in admirable fashion. He leisurely pulled a few strokes this way and that, skilfully skirted a buttress, and drifted down the other side. He lay on his oars and gazed placidly about him.

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "it's a pretty good job, taking things all round. I can stand a lot of it. Of course it gets a bit dreary like when it rains, and you have nothing to look at but the inside of a bridge. But maybe presently one or two of 'em will fall in. That'll brighten things up a bit."

It appeared that no lives had ever been lost with him "under the bridge." His experience upon the subject is wide, for he has been "the man in the boat" during the building or re-building of all the bridges during the last century.

"I remember one job," said the engineer, smiling, "where we used to give a man a day off if he fell in the water. After a bit it became quite customary for half of them to fall in before breakfast on a Monday morning."

## JEWISH NEW YEAR.

### Annu's Crest 5665 Ushered in To-day.

To-day Jewish synagogues resound with blasts on the ram's horn, with which the rabbis proclaim the commencement of a new year—the year 5665, according to the Jewish Calendar.

Its harsh voice summons "the chosen people" to prepare themselves by penitence for "Yom Kippur," the great day of atonement, on September 19. This day is one of forgiving and forgetting. New Year and "Yom Kippur" are the only times during the year that the Jewish worshipper kneels.

Last night there was a general pouring of tears, with apples and money, this feast being accompanied by the announcement of a blessing.

In all synagogues to-day there are processions, everyone carrying a branch of palm, willow, or myrtle in one hand, and a citron in the other.

New Year's cards and calendars are the fashion, many Jews sending out merely a plain gold card, greeting card in place of the elaborate pictorial cards formerly in vogue.

New Year's greetings are also conveyed by newspapers, and the "Jewish Chronicle" contains nearly eight hundred personal advertisements this week.

In Jewish homes to-day there is a feast of fruit, the male members washing their hats while the women bless the fruit.

Gentiles profit from the festival. In the East End the large shops display bills in Hebrew bidding the Jew remember the season, and inviting him to buy.

"Charming silk slips for the Yountovim" is a legend to be seen in drapers' shops all over London.

At 7.5 p.m. to-morrow the festival terminates and the fast of Gedaliah begins.

## BAREFOOTED WALKING FEAT.

Andrew Billington, of Islington, will this morning make an attempt to walk barefooted through nine miles of the principal London streets within three hours.

Starting from the Royal Exchange at 7 a.m., he will tramp through Chancery, St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet-street, Strand, Haymarket, Piccadilly, Knightsbridge to the Marble Arch, and back to the Royal Exchange.

To a *Mirror* representative Billington, who is a sailor, said his feet feel like indiarubber.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is best man at the wedding of Mr. G. H. Duckworth to-day at Dulverton.



## WORKHOUSE LOVE STORY.

### Penniless Gentleman Victim of Unfortunate Romance.

The case of Mr. Richard Dickenson is one which should, he believes, interest naval and military officers to the extent of preventing his retreat to Fulham workhouse.

Mr. Dickenson is the grandson of an admiral, the son of a naval captain, and the brother of a clergyman, who is married to the daughter of a peer.

The first chapter of his misfortunes opens with an iniquitous court-martial of his father, the late Captain Sir Richard Dickenson, R.N.

Groundless charges were made and the verdict triumphantly vindicated the accused, but the cost of a hearing which lasted twenty-three days reached £30,000, and swamped Mr. Richard Dickenson's patrimony.

His life seems chiefly to have run in the direction of disastrous finance.

A year or two ago Mr. Dickenson became enamoured of an American heiress. They were to be married, and an announcement of their engagement appeared in the "Morning Post," when the bridegroom fell ill.

#### Goes to Fulham Workhouse.

His cure depended, doctors said, on his going to Homburg. Owing to shortness of funds, however, he had to go to Fulham workhouse.

The heiress went on a trip round the world. Mr. Dickenson is sure that his letters have been intercepted, and he is nearly sure that her mother does not favour his suit. As for her father, he was so harassed at the turn things had taken that he fled to Philadelphia.

The languishing of Mr. Dickenson in Fulham workhouse attracted the attention of a gracious widow, possessed of £15,000 and £200 a year. She rescued him, and found him a sumptuous abode in a northern city.

But they had a little tiff, and Mr. Dickenson left her neighbourhood. Then a rival, who sprang from Leeds—a man who called himself a captain, but, as Mr. Dickenson says, probably only commanded a coal barge—came and won the widow's heart and eloped with the £15,000.

So that unless something can be done the gloomy portals of Fulham workhouse again threaten the son of a K.C.B., the grandson of an admiral, and the brother of a clergyman, who has married an earl's daughter.

#### WHERE ROMNEY LIVED.

### Great Painter's Abode in Process of Demolition.

The house 32, Cavendish-square, for nearly twenty-one years the home of George Romney, the great portrait painter, is in the hands of the "house-breakers."

It is an ordinary unpretentious London dwelling, such as one sees everywhere in the older residential neighbourhoods.

It was at Christmas, 1775, after he returned from Rome, that Romney came to live in Cavendish-square.

In the hall he hung up the copy he made in Italy of the lower part of Raphael's Transfiguration.

Here, in Cavendish-square, Lady Hamilton sat to Romney, in many characters, from Circe to St. Cecilia.

A procession of fair women and brave men, including John Wesley, passed across the threshold of the house that is now doomed, and Romney was earning more than £3,000 a year.

#### BABY MOTORIST.

### Skilful Chauffeur, Though Only Five Years Old.

One of the youngest motorists in the world is George du Cros, son of Mr. George du Cros, whose picture appears on page 9.

Only five years of age, the boy drove his car at the head of the procession of the Hastings Automobile Meet, receiving second prize in the "appearance" competition.

His skilful manipulation of his pretty little "Baby" Panhard elicited hearty plaudits from the crowd of motoring experts present.

The "Baby" Panhard is only 4½ feet long by 1½ feet wide, and has 20-inch wheels, these being fitted with special Dunlop tyres.

Luxuriously upholstered in red, it is capable of attaining to fifteen miles an hour. The engines are 2½-h.p. The sturdy little driver was quite at his ease, and had his car quite under control.

#### HOW PARLIAMENT IS OCCUPIED.

Out of the 124 sittings of the House of Commons last session, Government business had precedence on 111 days, of which thirty-four were devoted to Supply. The remaining sittings were occupied by private members' business.

Seven motions for the adjournment of the House were made, as compared with three in 1903 and fourteen in 1902.



TO H.M. THE KING.

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#### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A LADY wishes to sell lovely 55-guinea upright, iron grand drawing-room Piano, full trichord, on massive brass sounding plate; fitted with grand repeater check action, handsome mahogany panel, with carved pillars; nearly new; maker's 20 years' warranty, transferrable; also 15 guineas; approval willingly.—G. 251, Burdett-st., Bow, London.

BORD'S Pianos—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grands, from 25s.; upright grands, 77s. 6d.; cottages, 10s. 6d. to 13s. 6d. per month on the 3 years' system.—O. Styles and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row, London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

PIANO handsome iron trichord, 7 octave, all improvements; £29 9s. or 2s. 6d. week; ten years' warranty, and trial.—Hine, 97, Wiesbaden-st., Stoke Newington.

VALUABLE Violin; property late violinist; marvellous tone; labelled Stradivarius Cremona, 1850; case, bow; sacrifice, 13s. 6d.; approval.—Mrs. Tyler, Rockingham-st., Uxbridge.

#### MOTORS AND CYCLES.

BOYCE-CARRIER (equal to new), suitable for any trade, the room wanted, will sacrifice for 44 10s. to clear.—143, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 2 and 16.

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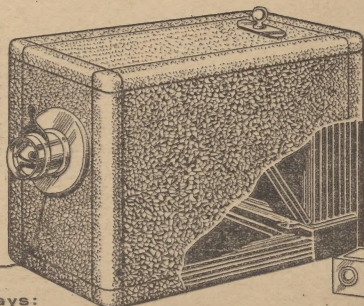
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